Week ending January 3 1959

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED

EVERY WEDNESDAY 4½d

IS YOUR CHILD A PRODIGY?

THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY:
Squabbles on the road to the Rhine

STORIES BY
Denise Egerton, Owen Gray and Robert Standish

JOHN BULL
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The Cover

HERE'S another Cinderella who stayed too long at the ball. Midnight struck and they couldn't resist joining hands and singing Auld Land Syne. Anyway, bus conductors are just as anxious as anybody else to get home and let the New Year in. So, says cover artist Zelinski, this Prince Charming will have to change pretty rapidly into a Fairy Godmother, and turn four pennies into a taxicab. The dancing slippers that Cinders is wearing weren't made for a long walk home.

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

New Year Revelation

LAST year I made only one resolution, with the best intentions in the world. Quite simply, I resolved to answer every single question put to me by my two sons, aged seven and nine.

The last twelve months have been marked by a series of disillusionments regarding what I always fondly imagined was my above-average education.

This year I'm making another resolution—that I'll never sit by and let people criticize schoolteachers. It doesn't matter how much they're paid—it's far too little.—T. S. HILL, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

Pardon Us!

The British winter custom of leaving the mouth uncovered when sneezing and coughing in streets, trains, buses and restaurants, and even into other people's faces, reminds me of the African territory I visited recently.

The natives behaved in exactly the same way there, because they don't know any better.

Perhaps the gulf dividing the savage and the civilized man is not so great as the latter fondly imagines. —O. H., Earls Court, London.

Don't Blush

I see that a Post Office official has said that one letter in every ten posted in Britain is a love letter.

This should worry courting couples. How does the Post Office know?—MRS. C. THOMSON, Sleigh Drive, Edinburgh, 7.

"Don't bother blushing," the Post Office advises people who write letters of a very personal nature. "We don't know who made this statement, but, whoever he was, he was wrong. We've absolutely no way of telling what's in a letter.

"The only type of letter that we can classify are football pools entries. That's because they are marked on the outside."

Too Many Callers

As a welfare worker, I agree that there is a great deal of overlapping by officials visiting problem families (JOHN BULL, December 13).

Recently I had to visit one of these families. When I arrived at the house there were four officials from other organizations cross-questioning the poor mother.

By the time we all left she looked as though she was heading for a nervous breakdown.—MISS C. GROVES, East Sheen, Surrey.

That Tiny Toe

Did you know that the day is coming when people will be born with only four toes? My chiropodist told me this when I remarked to him how ugly most little toes are.

He said that we are not using the muscles in our little toes and that, probably after hundreds of years, they would disappear.—MISS A. WALSH, Simmondley Lane, Glossop, Derbyshire.

"It won't be quite as quick as that," says a doctor. "While it is fairly reasonable to suppose that the little toe is disappearing, it will be a matter of thousands of years before it finally fades away.

"The little toe is still used by the body for balancing. It's in the same category as the appendix, which has been fading away for millions of years—and is still with us."

How Big Are Mats?

The comments that the British Standards Institution makes to A. Tonkin's letter ("Free Speech," December 6) about standard sizes of doormats surprised me very much.

There are standard sizes for mats, ranging from No. 1 to No. 9, the former being 14 in. by 24 in., other sizes increasing progressively by 2 in. in width and 3 in. in length.

Special size mats can be made to requirements, including thickness.

These standard sizes are also accepted in Australia, Canada, New Zealand and Scandinavia.—P. C. WEST, Shakespeare Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

"We have not been asked to draw up a British standard for doormats," says the British Standards Institution.

"Manufacturers may have their own standard sizes—but we have issued no specification, which, in any case, would probably depend on more factors, such as material and durability, than size alone."

Doing Royal Time

Why do members of the Royal Family never visit prisons? The Queen should see for herself the outdated conditions which prevail in these establishments, all of which are "Her Majesty's."

A Royal inspection might prod the appropriate authorities into getting a move on with their plans for more modern prisons.—L. H., Manchester.

Dawn Commentary

Whatever Gilbert Harding thinks about the boredom of cricket (JOHN BULL, December 6), at least it wakes our young son up.

Recently he has been getting up at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. to listen to the Test match commentaries from Australia. He even makes us all a cup of tea at the interval.

Cricket cannot be too dull when it has this effect on a thirteen-year-old who normally finds it impossible to get out of bed in time for school. —MRS. K. SEDGWICK, Stand Road, Sutton, Dublin.

"These early morning Test broadcasts have always been particularly popular with cricket enthusiasts," says the B.B.C.

"The current series—on Network Three—are live transmissions of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation's commentaries.

"They mean early rising for our engineers—they have to be at Broadcasting House at 6 a.m. when there's a Test match on."

Ballot Bilkers

I was interested in the suggestion about making General Election day a national holiday ("Free Speech," December 13).

Checking electoral lists at the end of a polling day, I am always struck by the fact that it is the same people who abstain from voting every time. They nearly always come from working-class areas.

When canvassed before elections these people answer: "I don't vote . . . they are all as bad as each other," or "I simply haven't time."

The outside world does not touch these people. Fleets of cars, holidays, even cash prizes at the poll—nothing will make them vote. They are just not interested.—MRS. GWENDOLINE COMER, Elm Crescent, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

. . . At the last General Election I abstained from voting because I strongly disagreed with all candidates in my constituency.

It looks as if I shall have to do so again at the next election.

Short of spoiling my paper, how can I express my dissatisfaction and yet let it be known that I am interested in the way this country is run?

There should be some way of registering disapproval that avoids the stigma of a couldn't-care-less citizen.—M. FRANK, Hull.

The Big Heat

Seating myself in a comfortable compartment of a main line diesel train, I was pleasantly surprised to find warm air coming through a grille under the seat.

After an hour I was almost wishing the old railway Ice Age were back. As the miles slipped by the air grew hotter; my legs were scorched and my feet were burning.

There was no handle marked "Hot

and Cold," so I had to take off my coat and shoes.

Short of putting my feet in the lap of the person opposite, there was no way of escaping the hot air. Congratulations, British Railways, you've beaten us again!—MRS. J. DAVIES, Cwmdare Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

"Mrs. Davies was probably travelling in a prewar carriage," say British Railways. "There are a number of these still in use which have no means of turning off the heating.

"However, it is now our policy that each compartment will have a device which will allow passengers to decide whether they want to be hot or cold."

Missing Links

At home I have a box full of odd ear-rings and cuff-links. Why can't these be sold in threes so that if one gets broken or lost there's a spare to match?—MRS. M. BRISTOW, Gaythorne Road, West Bowling, Bradford, 5.

Scottish Bison?

Reindeer were introduced to the Highlands of Scotland a few years ago and seem to be flourishing.

As there is so much waste land in the north of Scotland, I wonder if that magnificent animal, the bison, could be given a home here, too. It would be an ideal place for a

NEXT WEEK

The frank and fascinating story of one man's impact on centuries of tradition

How Prince Philip is changing the Royal Family

national park.—J. M., Nairn, Morayshire.

"There doesn't seem any reason why bison shouldn't flourish in Scotland," says the London Zoo. "Their native breeding grounds—Poland and North America—are roughly the same kind of country."

Not Smart But Fun

I have heard many "smart" people making fun of coach tours of the Continent. Presumably they think this is an unsophisticated way of spending holidays.

It may be unsophisticated—but last year my family had the best holiday of our lives on a fourteen-day coach tour of France, Italy and Switzerland.

This year we are going to a holiday camp. We've heard so many pretentious folk decrying them that we're sure we'll have a great time.—G. LACEY, Nuneaton.

Rainbow Gone Wrong

Some time ago when working in the forestry department of a large estate in England I witnessed a most unusual phenomenon.

Just after a shower of rain, a small rainbow formed in the sky. Unlike all other rainbows I have ever seen, it curved upwards from the earth, with its ends in the air.

I have told many people about this, but they all say that there is no such thing as an "upside-down" rainbow. Could you save my reputation by finding out if this has ever happened before?—S. A. C. HOCKNELL, R.A.F., Nicosia, Cyprus.

"This would only be possible," says a scientist, "if the light which formed the rainbow was going away from the earth.

"It could have been caused by reflected sunlight from a pool of water or a glass roof.

"While this is an almost unheard-of occurrence, I wouldn't rule it out."

The All-clear?

Once again fog is dislocating our roads, yet there is one way of helping drivers which has never been tried.

Cat's eyes should be fitted on the verge or kerb of each road. A red or green would give notice of a turning or intersection.

This seems to me to be a sensible precaution which would not only help fog-bound drivers, but would also reduce the number of collisions.—P. MARRON, Chipstead Lane, Kingswood, Surrey.

"While we welcome any idea which might reduce road accidents," says the Automobile Association, "this suggestion would be extremely expensive and might cause confusion among drivers.

"To be effective it would have to be standard throughout the country. That would be very costly in view of the comparatively few nights of thick fog which there are in any one area."

Arms Disposal

I'd like to know what other people do with their arms in bed. I find mine a great nuisance.

When I lie on one side, the arm

underneath gets pins and needles.

If I lie on my back with my arms flat at my sides, they get stiff.

And if I clasp them over my chest I suffer from pins and needles worse than ever.—B. C. RIDLEY, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Frankly, No

Is it not time that outmoded stamp machines were replaced by coin-operated franking machines?

They would save a great deal of time and trouble. They would only require two slots, one for ½d. and the other 1d.—L. CLIFFORD, Links Road, Portslade, Sussex.

"We've considered this many times," says the Post Office, "but we've always rejected it because there is no real advantage over a stamp machine.

"Franking machines would cost a great deal more than stamp-selling machines. They've been tried in other countries—but to the best of our knowledge none has adopted them."

Wrong Approach

Bus conductors have my sympathy. I have just been watching the faces of people getting on the bus I was travelling on. Without exception they looked very, very glum.

Passengers who complain about conductors not being pleasant have only themselves to blame.

A few smiles and thank yous would help to make this monotonous job less trying.—MRS. D. E. BROWN, Portland Crescent, Greenford, Middlesex.

Trouble In Store

On two occasions recently friends of mine have witnessed acts of shoplifting. Neither made any attempt to report the matter—they said they didn't want to be involved in any "unpleasantness."

I understand that shoplifting costs big stores several thousands of pounds every year.

Is it necessary, in fact, for a witness to be involved in proceedings after a theft has been reported to the police?—E. A. HARRIS, Dixon Lane, Leeds, 12.

"It all depends whether the person who is seen shoplifting admits the offence," says the police.

"If he or she does, then there is no need for the witness to be involved any further.

"If the shoplifter denies an offence, then the witness would be needed to give evidence in a prosecution.

"If the shopper tells the store manager, who then catches a shoplifter with stolen goods, he or she would not need to take any further part in proceedings."

Taking Medicine

How I detested taking medicine as a child! Every complaint was treated with fluids that tasted like poison.

In fact, a medicine was considered no good unless it tasted vile.

Now—less than twenty years later—my own children clamour for their medicines, whose delicious flavours range from chocolate to peppermint.

I'd like to know whether we swallowed all that nastiness in vain—or are our children just being spoiled today?—J. D. ELLIS, Ringwood, Hampshire.

"Those old-fashioned medicines really weren't much good," says a doctor. "Almost all their value lay in getting people to have faith that they would be cured.

"Gradually their nasty taste became associated with the amount of good they did—and medicines got nastier and nastier.

"Now, however, the discovery of new drugs has meant that medicines will actually cure people, whether they believe in them or not.

"The most important thing is, therefore, to take the medicine. And, as parents know, this is a lot easier if it tastes pleasant."

Pram Pushers

After twelve heartbreaking months of pushing a pram in a hilly district, I wonder how men would react if they had to do it.

I can imagine the howls of protest, the scramble to invent some mechanical device to propel both pram and pusher up hills.

There would be agitation in Parliament until a "Self-Propulsion of Perambulators" Bill was passed.

Yet women just go on suffering. I wonder why?—MRS. W. J. GRIFFITHS, Clarence Road, Sledmere, Dudley, Worcestershire.

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A DOG CALLED BLUE

by OWEN GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

THEY rode along side by side at an untiring, mile-covering walk, Reid Lorimer and Shelley, the girl who had been his wife for just a month. Reid sat relaxed, almost slouched. He rode as a man who has never learned to ride—a man who could not remember a time when he was not at home on a horse. Beside him, never far away, loped Blue, the big cattle dog, keeping easy pace, ever watchful for the slightest signal from his master.

Shelley rode well too, but with a difference. Tall, slender, she sat upright, her back arched, her long legs at exactly the right angle, a perfect example of riding technique. Immaculate in her cream shirt and almost new jodhpurs, she looked as fresh as when she had started out early in the morning. But Reid, glancing at her from time to time under the wide brim of his big felt hat, didn't miss the tired little sag of her shoulders even though she corrected it immediately.

"Been a long day for you, Shell," he said softly.

She grinned wearily. "Riding school was never like this," she answered, gently massaging the small of her back. "For one thing, the saddles weren't made of cast iron."

His slow smile crinkled the corners of his eyes, but there was a little stab of anxiety behind it. He had picked an easy trip for her—easy by his standards, that was. But there was still three hours' hard going ahead of them, and she was new to the outback. How could he possibly have expected her to spend a whole day in the saddle like this?

IT was as if she knew what he was thinking. She guided her horse over so that their knees were almost touching.

"Thank you for bringing me with you," she said. "I don't think I could have stayed at home alone. Not after . . . yesterday." She glanced towards the great dog, and a shadow of distaste—of fear even—crossed her face.

Reid felt a throb of alarm. For Blue meant to him the whole of his life before he met Shelley; the whole of his life now—outside his home. And Shelley had wanted him shot out of hand. . . .

Shoot Blue? Reid couldn't do it. He was the last of the great dogs bred by Reid's father, the last of a strain famous beyond the Territory border. Nobody knew quite what had gone into the mixture. Part Queensland heeler, that was certain. Part Scottish Border Collie, perhaps. A streak of native dingo, people said—that was where the stamina and endurance came from. Clever, quick, faithful, Blue was Reid's right hand.

But yesterday, Blue had killed Texan, the spirited little terrier Shelley had brought from the city. Poor, fearless little Texan had started the fight when Blue came too near his bone, and he'd lasted exactly ninety seconds. You couldn't blame Blue. He wasn't trained for softness.

WHEN Reid got home Shelley had buried Texan, and at first she couldn't even talk about it. But she'd cried in his arms all night. Not just for Texan, but for all the loneliness of the days when Reid had gone riding off at first light and she was left alone in a strange world.

That morning, she had asked Reid to shoot Blue. The dog frightened her, she said. Reid had talked her out of it, telling her what Blue meant to him. But the fear had remained, he could tell that. Fear of the dog; fear of the outback; fear, in a sense, of Reid himself. . . .

And Reid knew then that he must take her out with him that very day. Spring mustering was at its height, two miles of fencing had been carried away on a flash flood—for him, a day at home was out of the question. Out there in the sandy foothills was no place for a girl, but on this one day he knew he had to be with her. . . .

She had tried hard enough, Reid knew that. And the station folk had made her welcome—not just because she was the manager's wife. At first, they had been just a little apprehensive of the poised, well-groomed girl with the manicured hands and the gleaming dark hair.

To the stockmen, and even more to their wives, she'd seemed a little bewildering, a fashion plate come to life. But Shelley had quickly broken all that down with her natural warmth and eagerness to learn.

Now Reid shifted in the saddle, pushing back his shapeless hat, turning his head a little towards her. His quick glance took in the tall slightness of her, the slender wrists, the deep shadows under wide set eyes, the resolve that showed firm in her chin. In that moment he was overwhelmingly conscious of the twelve years that separated their ages.

Perhaps I'm asking too much of her, he thought. *Perhaps it's too much, even for Shelley. Perhaps*—his lean brown face hardened—*perhaps I'm going to finish up back in the city myself.*

Impetuously, as if to shift the unwelcome idea, he wheeled his horse off the track towards a ragged clump of gums.

"Time for a halt," he said. "My mouth's like leather."

It was a little cooler when Reid raked over the ashes of their dead fire and saddled the two horses. But beyond the shade of the trees the sun still beat down fiercely, and the afternoon breeze was hot off the sand dunes. In the shimmering distance little mirages appeared, now the blue of a lake, now a group of trees hanging upside down above the horizon. This corner of the station was poor country, strewn with rocks half hidden in the salt-bush, and the riders were forced into single file.

HOT sun made Reid drowsy as he moved into the lead, and he let his horse pick the way along the uneven track. Away to the right a pair of scrub turkeys rose noisily out of a tangle of bushes. Reid turned in his saddle, pointing to them as they flapped away.

"Pity I didn't bring a shotgun . . ." he began, and then his horse erupted under him.

Caught off balance, he gripped fiercely with his knees as the animal reared up. Between the thrashing front hoofs he glimpsed the brown sheen of a taipan as it glided, smooth and malignant, off the warm sand into the shelter of the scrub. Then the horse lurched heavily against Shelley's mare and swung around, prancing wildly on its hind legs. Head tossed high, struggling for balance, it reeled back among the rocks beside the track.

At once Reid's feet were clear of the stirrups. Half-thrown, half-sliding, he dropped. For one moment he was clear. Then, as his feet hit the ground, his heel caught on a root and he fell, flat on his back, jarring the breath from his body.

Dimly, distantly, he heard Shelley scream. A moment later the great weight of the horse crashed upon him, crushing his hips into the stony ground. Dazed, he heard rather than felt the bone snap. Then the horse rolled agonizingly over him and scrambled shakily to its feet, standing trembling beside him. He still held the bridle, but as he strove to pull himself up a great wave of pain engulfed him and he sank back helplessly to the ground.

SHELLEY was beside him in an instant. "Reid! Are you . . . ?" Her voice broke a little. "Reid, you're badly hurt, aren't you?" He felt her arm around his shoulder, her fingers cool on his forehead, but all he could see was a great blaze of coloured lights, brilliant red and purple, swimming before his eyes. Very slowly, they cleared. It was a full minute before he could see her face.

"Don't try to get up," she said softly, her voice unsteady. "Lie still for a bit."

"Hobble your mare," he told her. She stayed there, kneeling beside him, and he said it again, sharply. "Hobble her!" Then, because it seemed important to him at that moment that he behave very normally, he added: "She gets wanderlust."

Obediently, Shelley took the hobbles from the saddlebags and quickly looped them round the horse's legs. Then she knelt once more beside him, easing his head against her lap.

"Reid, I'm frightened," she whispered. "You won't be able to ride home, will you?"

He shook his head. "Pelvis," he said, contriving a twisted grin. "Saw a stockman do the same thing once—I feel just like he looked."

"Oh!" For just a moment the shock showed on her face, and then she took control. She unsaddled Reid's horse, sliding the saddle upside down beneath his head to form a padded pillow. She spread the saddle blanket over his legs, and gently scooped the stones away from where he lay. And when she had

Reid was badly hurt. Yet somehow he must persuade his wife to abandon him and ride for help—alone

Reid would do anything for his lovely, city-bred bride. Anything, that is, but shoot his best friend.....

A dog called Blue

continued from page 4

made him as comfortable as she could, she poured out a drink from the water bag and bent down to give it to him.

"Now what?" she asked huskily.

Reid had had time to think, and now he spoke with decision, half fearing she would revolt against leaving him there.

"Now you ride off home and get some help," he said, trying to inject some authority into his voice.

"But I'll never find the way. . . ."

"Don't worry about that. The mare'll take you home quick enough—she's been thinking about her supper for hours now."

"Reid—can't I stay with you?"

"What good would that do either of us?" he said roughly. "Get going now. We're still ten miles out and it'll be dark in an hour or so."

She got up reluctantly. "How shall we find you, in the dark?"

"You won't," he answered. "Look, I'm all right here for the night. Blue will keep me company. You can leave me your saddle blanket if you like."

She hesitated, unwilling to obey, unable to think of any other plan.

"Tell them I'm just beyond the far corner of Old Border Paddock," Reid went on. "Wait a minute—see if you can find a few sticks. In the morning I'll light a fire—saltbush will smoke so you'll see it for miles."

She brought some sticks from a dead tree, and laid them in a pile within easy reach. Then she arranged the second blanket around his shoulders, and put the water and the saddle bag with the rest of the food close by. She took the bridle off his horse so that it could follow her home, and unhitched the hobbles from the mare. She did all this without looking at him, as though she could not trust herself to act rationally if she did so. And then, quickly, she stooped and kissed him, and Reid saw the tears in her eyes. A moment later, she was away down the track, not looking back, urging the mare into an unwilling canter.

As the hoofbeats died away, Blue rose from his vigilant crouch a few yards away and sat beside his master.

Reid watched Shelley until she was out of sight, straining to see over the tangle of brushwood that was all around him. He watched her disappear over a sandy ridge, and he watched until his own horse, following at a grudging trot, disappeared too. For a long time afterwards he watched the ridge, its wind-piled crest glowing like old gold in the setting sun. And then, suddenly, he shivered.

The sun had left the little hollow where he lay, and already he felt stiff and chilled. The sandy ridge that was his horizon glowed brighter, reflecting the fiery sunset behind him. The hot afternoon breeze had died, leaving not a rustle in the leaves, and the silence had an intensity that was almost vibrant. For a few more minutes the long shadows of the rocks were sharp and clear. Then, quite suddenly, the light faded and the evening sky was filled with pale stars.

Reid was not an imaginative man. Hundreds of times, visiting distant places on the cattle runs where he had spent his life, or droving down the stock routes for weeks at a time, he had slept soundly in the open. Even the thought of the taipan that had vanished not five yards from where he lay caused him little concern—he knew that snakes were only dangerous if you came upon them unexpectedly.

But the stillness was unnerving. All those other times there had been company—other drovers, cattle, a horse tethered nearby, something. Now, in the short sub-tropical twilight, Reid felt stifled by his helplessness and lonely as he had never been before. He reached up to stroke the rough head of the big cattle dog, and felt a strange sense of companionship when Blue lay down beside him, sharing a corner of the blanket.

"Mind if I smoke?"

Reid spoke out loud to the dog, just to hear his own voice. The sound of the words fell flat and empty, as if the unquenchable silence had quickly snuffed them out.

He rolled the cigarette economically, using only one hand, putting just a pinch of tobacco in the middle of the paper. Like that, there might be enough of the makings for perhaps twenty smokes, and it was going to be a long night. His lighter was nearly dry, but he coaxed it into reluctant flame. There were matches in the saddlebag, anyway. He took stock of the water, checked on the remains of the food. There was plenty of everything. He sighed, inhaling deeply from the tail end of his cigarette. Shelley would be home by now, or at least within sight of the lights. Things could have been a lot worse.

Time passed with agonizing slowness. At first he looked at his watch every few minutes. Then he tried to discipline himself, refusing to look until a certain star had passed behind a certain tree. For a spell he forgot the time, forgot where he was, and shivered in delayed shock, a little delirious. Later, comforted by the warmth of Blue on the blanket beside him, he drifted into shallow sleep.

When he awoke, the moon was up, a little moon, just the last quarter. The sand which had been warm now struck chill and damp, and his back and hips were riveted with a stiff, dull pain which leaped into a searing stab with the smallest movement.

Reid knew what had awakened him. It was Blue, alert, quivering like spring steel, growling very low, deep down in his throat.

Reid listened. The night was stirring now, but his practised ear tuned out the mutter of the wind. All his senses were intent, probing the darkness. He could see nothing but the dim outline of the nearest rocks and bushes.

Suddenly, he felt Blue stiffen into a crouch, and then he heard the noise. The impatient, irritable grunt-grunt of a wild boar rooting through the undergrowth. Blue growled again, and Reid laid a restraining hand on the dog's nose. He had hunted wild boar often enough to know them for the mean, savage creatures they were. Strong as a tiger, too—more than once he had seen a horse and rider hurled to the ground as a charging boar ripped home with a six-inch tusk. Even with a rifle you couldn't afford to let them get too close.

Now the noise was nearer, and on the night breeze came the rank, rancid odour. Heart pounding, the pain in his body forgotten, Reid strove to raise himself and face the danger. With the wind blowing that way, the boar wouldn't scent them until it was right on top of them. Desperately, helplessly, he reached around for a weapon. There was nothing.

Fire! The thought exploded in his brain. The twigs Shelley had gathered were beside him. He tore at his shirt pocket, feverishly scattered cigarette papers among the sticks, flicked the wheel of his lighter.

The flint threw a vivid spark in the darkness, but no flame came. As the lighter flashed, the grunting died in a strangled, querulous squeal. Reid heard the undergrowth tearing as the boar advanced. He ripped his thumb again and again across the lighter. His mind raced to the matches in the saddlebag, but there was no time. The brute was almost upon him. Straining through the darkness, he could just see the hideous shape, and he pictured the questing snout, wet, hairy nostrils, yellow tusks, mean black eyes. He hurled the lighter at the creature and turned, wildly scrabbling for a stone, a stick, any weapon at all to hold off the attack.

As his fingers clawed and sifted through the sand he heard the boar charge. He twisted madly to shield himself behind the saddle, but his broken body could not respond. For a long second, as the enraged animal covered the last feet between them, Reid knew defeat. In a last instinctive, hopeless gesture, he raised his hands to protect his face.

And then Blue sprang. He sprang right over Reid, a muscular, silent fury, and his big jaws clenched, ripping into the hard hide of the boar's throat even before he hit the ground.

The boar checked, staggered by the impact. With a shrill squeal of anger, it swung its powerful head in a savage lunge, tusk poised to hamstring the dog. But Blue was out of reach and then back in once more, catching the boar as it blundered forward, tearing again at its lacerated throat.

The boar was a black, lean brute, two hundred pounds of muscle and bone. It had the weight, the strength, the more terrible weapon. But Blue had the speed. Again and again he darted in, teeth bared viciously. Again and again he was out of reach before the boar could twist its head and sink its great fangs in the dog's belly. Its tusks got home into Blue's flanks, his chest, his neck, but never with the one great tearing rip that would end the fight.

Reid watched appalled, helpless, as the fight crashed around him in the dim moonlight. And then, quite suddenly, there was silence. The struggle had moved beyond his vision and he waited, intently listening. For a long time, nothing moved. Then, through the scrub, an animal was coming slowly towards him. He could hear it panting, and knew that it was Blue.

The dog was dragging one hind leg, and as it collapsed beside him Reid saw the great wound in its side. The tendons were gone. The last of his father's great cattle dogs would never go out mustering again. There was little Reid could do. He tried to plug the wound with his handkerchief, and poured out some water. And when he had made Blue as comfortable as he could, he lay back against the saddle, utterly exhausted, and waited for the dawn.

The sun was well up when he saw them coming over the sandy ridge. For a light truck it was a hard pull and Reid, his mind wandering a little with pain and fatigue, felt vaguely irritated at the time it took to reach him.

He closed his eyes against the glare of the sun, and when he opened them Shelley was kneeling beside him.

He looked at her unseeingly for a moment, and then he smiled.

"You made it," he said, and took her hand and kissed the palm of it. "I thought you'd forgot I was still lying around out here."

She tried to speak, and gripped Reid's hand tightly. Reid saw that she was looking at the trampled undergrowth, and then she looked at Blue.

"Is he alive?" she whispered.

"I think," he answered, "just. He had a difference of opinion during the night with. . . ."

"I know." Shelley's voice caught a little. "The boar is just beyond the bushes there. Dead."

They had brought the truck as near as they could. It stood about thirty yards away, and Earle Carson, the overseer, came with one of the stockmen carrying a canvas stretcher. Very gently, they lifted Reid on and carried him over, putting the stretcher carefully in the open back of the vehicle. Then they went over to collect the saddle.

Suddenly, he heard Shelley's voice, sharp and protesting. "You can't," she was crying. "You can't!" Reid raised himself painfully on one elbow and looked back. The overseer was near the dog, a rifle in the crook of his arm. In front of Blue stood Shelley, looking very slight and very determined. As he watched, Carson turned and stalked over towards the truck. Reid collapsed on the stretcher again, his eyes screwed shut.

Vaguely he heard Carson's argument. "The dog's finished, boss. Even if it lives, it's finished." He did not add that Shelley was encroaching on his authority. The indignation in his voice said it for him. "Just a waste of time . . ." he grumbled on, his thick fingers flexing impatiently on the stock of his gun.

But now Shelley was there, standing beside him. She didn't interrupt Earle Carson, but Reid knew she was there from the way the overseer's voice died away. Now that the waiting was over the reaction had come and he felt completely drained, mentally and physically. He knew that even one more decision was beyond his power.

"I'd like to keep Blue." Shelley's voice was low, but there was a new firmness in it. "I know what Mr. Carson means, but I'd like to keep Blue. As a house dog, instead of—instead of Texan. Please, Reid. I know I could—look after him all right."

Reid opened one eye. His mind would not focus now, and he felt a warmth of gratitude because Shelley had taken that decision from him.

"That seems to settle it, then, Earle," he said. "Better move me to one side. I'm going to have company." THE END

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The blackbird is the king of May, the thrush the April rain's;
But oh, for me the starling that sings the winter through!
The finches are a gay tribe along the hawthorn lanes;
But oh, the sober starling, whose note is always new!
The plover rings the March miles with longing sweet and strong;
June nightingales remember the bosky woods of Greece;
But oh, a starling's whistle prolonging into song
Sounds from the winter rooftop a sunlit meadow's peace.

J. PHOENICE

Horne was paralysed by a stroke. His wife watches as he sucks at a straw to cure his defective speech

Now Horne compères the *Snakes And Ladders* quiz. A few months ago he couldn't move his little finger

I had a Rolls—and most things money could buy. Now I'm a poorer man, but

I'm glad I'm still alive

by KENNETH HORNE

WE were out on the golf course and had reached the ninth hole. I played a short shot. Then, as I watched the ball bounce over the green, I burst into song.

"What's all the noise in aid of?" my companion inquired, looking at me in polite surprise.

"Because . . . but you wouldn't understand, old boy," I answered.

You see, it wasn't as if I were winning, or that I had played a brilliant stroke. It was just that I'd achieved something that only a few months earlier would have been impossible.

For at the beginning of last year I lay in bed seriously ill—the result of a stroke. I could not move my pillow. I could not grasp a cup. I could not even lift my head.

To say that I felt depressed is an understatement. I pictured my business and radio careers being finished.

Today, looking back on the crisis, I can hardly believe my luck.

Already—thanks to the rigid discipline of my medical adviser—I am living a full and active life. I do a regular series for the East African service of the B.B.C.; I travel weekly to the Southern Television area for *Snakes And Ladders*, a new quiz game. I take part in short commercial films. *Beyond Our Ken* returns to the air for the B.B.C. in March.

But, though my appointment book is filling rapidly, it will never again be overcrowded. My illness has taught me a lesson I'm not likely to forget. . . .

The start of 1958 found me working sixty hours a week as chairman of Chad Valley Toys, and travelling five hundred miles a week on the firm's business. I was also making frequent appearances on TV and radio. And I had extensive City interests. There was never a dull moment.

Yet, when close friends warned me that I was attempting far too much, I scoffed. I was fit, I was confident. I enjoyed the ceaseless cut and thrust of the world of commerce in which I had started as a progress clerk thirty years before, and I enjoyed show business too.

And of course the money was not unattractive.

We had a pleasant modern flat in Kensington, a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur. If, in the process of acquiring these, I forfeited my spare time, I scarcely noticed it.

Today I am much poorer than I was a year ago—poorer in the financial sense. But in all other respects my life is much richer.

Like many another chap who has survived a serious ailment, I am finding a fresh enjoyment in living. The simplest things—like giving that golf ball a hearty whack—seem infinitely exciting.

Rush and bustle

Health is the best wealth, so it's said. And I, for one, agree.

Each evening, as I climb the stairs to our flat, I marvel at my good fortune. I am part of the active world again.

It was a Tuesday in last February, the day it all happened. On the Monday I drove to Oxford on business. I went to bed late, my head full of plans for a busy week. It was to begin in the morning with a dash to Birmingham.

I was not myself when I woke on Tuesday morning. I had a completely unaccountable headache. Not only did I feel physically ill, but I was intensely depressed and my legs felt weak. When I went down to breakfast I had no appetite.

It was an effort to get to the car, and

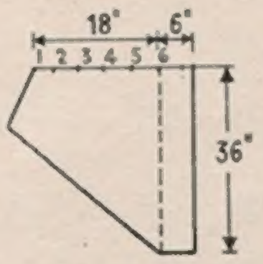
MAKE IT YOURSELF

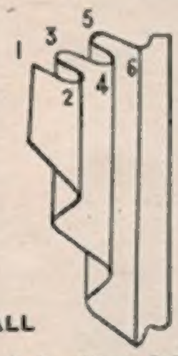
by ROGER SMITHELLS

PLAIN *or* FANCY

Be adventurous when you plan your pelmets. They can flatter your curtains and enliven your room. Here are four novel ideas to start you thinking

SWAG



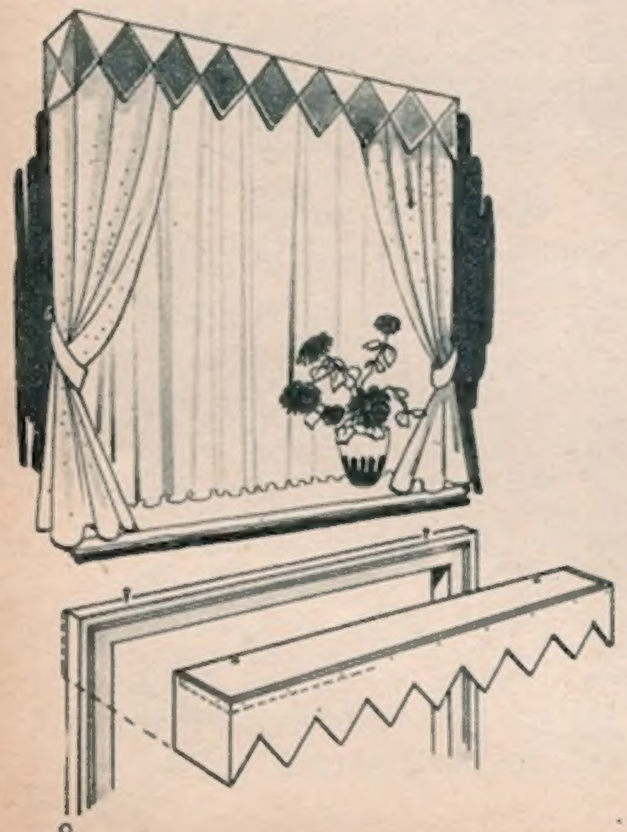


FALL

Swag and fall pelmet: This pelmet gives an elegant finish to rich-looking full length curtains. It is made in three pieces. For a long pelmet you can use more than one middle section; but an odd number is the most effective. Cut the swag section first in the shape shown. The size depends on the width of your window, and the depth that you want the pelmet in the middle. Interline with calico, and line with sateen. Then pleat the ends of the piece and tack to the pelmet board. Next cut the falls, and interline and line them in the same way. Pleat up as in the diagram, and tack to the edges and round the corner of the pelmet board

Scollops. You can make this neat, striped and scolloped pelmet from ready-cut, curved slats supplied in the do-it-yourself Pelm-Art kit. A single kit makes a 28-in. pelmet, and costs 9s. 9d. Full details from Hurseal Ltd., 229 Regent Street, London, W.1

Two-in-one. The "Solarbo" pelmet has a handsome wooden face in elm, mahogany or walnut, and a built-in double curtain track, with lift-up ends, to take special runners. A Swedish idea from Insularbo Ltd., Commerce Way, Lancing, Sussex



A box pelmet is a simple handyman job. Make it of hardboard or plywood fixed with panel pins to the edge of a stout pelmet board to which curtain track is also fixed. Strengthen the corners of the pelmet with wood fillets fixed with glue and pins. My zig-zag pelmet has two holes in the pelmet board which fit over stout screws projecting from the top of the window surround. This way the pelmet can be taken down in a moment when curtains are to be hung up or taken down for cleaning

I'm glad I'm still alive

continued from previous page

a colleague asked me if I felt all right. "Of course I'm all right," I snapped. "It's only the beginning of a cold." It was the understatement of my life.

As the miles went by, I felt worse. Somehow I reached Birmingham, but once there I felt I had to see a doctor.

He told me sombrely: "You've had a stroke."

I thought of the fourteen-hour day I had been working seven days a week. I was tired. I needed a holiday, but surely it was nothing worse than that.

"You've had a stroke," the doctor repeated. "It happened in your sleep."

Each year, he told me, the casualty rate was rising — among men who travelled through life too fast, men who hadn't the time to heed the warning signs of middle age.

The doctor agreed to my going back to London by train. Next morning I was in a Queen's Gate nursing home.

By this time my left foot and my left leg had become paralysed. Next I found that I couldn't use my left arm. It was frightening.

"We're giving you oxygen to make the blood flow faster," a nurse said.

The treatment was repeated for five minutes every hour.

"You'll be all right," she assured me.

I doubted it. But she was right.

For one day the doctor brought to me a piece of light metal shaped like a letter M. He said that the idea was first to learn to grip the metal and then to squeeze the uprights together.

I tried, but it wouldn't work. A child of five or six could have done the trick, but it was too much for me. I couldn't *feel* the metal, let alone bring any strength to bear upon it. I did my best that day, and the next, and the day after. But nothing happened.

The doctor told me: "Persevere. It will come."

It did.

It took about ten days before there was even a suspicion of life in the left-hand side of my body. And then one day I saw the little finger of my left hand move about an eighth of an inch. Strange what a thrill it was.

I had faith . . .

And then by patience, perseverance and the constant attention of doctors, nurses and, most of all, physiotherapists, the improvement spread.

The great thing was that I had faith in those who were treating me; and because they in turn could see that I had willpower, they had faith in me.

On March 19 I was able to return to our flat.

The way back to complete health would be difficult, but at last I was confident of eventual recovery.

I had developed a keen interest in my own well-being. Checking up on myself, I was convinced my voice could do with an improvement. There was a certain thickness, I thought, about the way in which I pronounced my "ths." Friends said they did not notice it; but, just the same, I called on the services of a speech therapist.

Her equipment consisted of a straw and a cigarette paper. To improve the movements of my mouth she directed me to suck through the straw, aiming it at the paper half an inch away.

"Ten out of ten," she said, "for each time the paper rises and attaches itself to the straw."

To begin with I could not draw breath for laughing, but oddly enough, it worked. My speech improved. I had taken another step forward.

Less funny, however, was the solution to my weight problem. I weighed seventeen stone before my illness. "A fine figure of a man," I used to boast. "You don't get a spreading waistline when your work is killing you, old boy," I told a friend who suggested that I was overtaxing my strength.

My doctor disagreed. It was imperative that I should go on a weight-reducing diet. The rich dishes I had been so fond of, the curries, stuffed olives, goulash, forcemeats, pickles, spaghetti swimming in thick sauces were all banned. I could eat no starch or spice. Meat dishes were ungarnished. My fish was steamed or boiled.

For a while I put up with it, but as my strength came back, I objected.

"Remember Marie Lloyd," I pleaded. "Just a little of what you fancy. . . ."

"No, Horne," said the doctor firmly. "What you fancy is bad for you, and you never fancy a little."

Soon there was only fifteen stone of me, a living skeleton! But the time had come to think about my future.

Dare I go back?

Recovery, full recovery, might take months, and management of my interests from a sick bed would be impossible.

And so I made my first concession to the "go slow" policy of the doctors. I resigned from Chad Valley Toys. I made the move regretfully, yet I felt the wrench far less than I had expected.

"What about your other career?" friends asked. "Surely you won't continue broadcasting?"

I found it difficult to decide. Ever since my début in a forces show while in the R.A.F., broadcasting had been an important part of my life. I wanted to get back. But would I have the nerve to face the microphone?

When Dickie Murdoch sent me a get-well-soon message, I read it as sombrely as if I were studying my death notice.

Then I was asked if I would take part in *Twenty Questions*.

"It would be crazy to go back so soon," I said to my wife.

"Of course, dear," she replied.

"Far too early," I added. "Only a fool would rush things now."

"Only a fool," she said. I accepted with thanks.

The session was a soft one. I was taken to the studio by car and was treated as tenderly as if I had been labelled "Fragile." I was able to sit down, and the team—revoltingly fit they looked—were very kind as always.

At the beginning of the show I was extremely nervous, and at the end of it I was pretty tired. But I had regained all my old confidence. I wanted to do more broadcasting.

"Take it steady," warned the doctors.

Not long afterwards I started *Beyond Our Ken*.

It was a happy period. Each day brought fresh encouragement. I could do up my shoelaces and manage my tie. I could uncork a bottle of gin and shake a cocktail. I reached the stage where I could discard my stick. Soon I was noticing with relief that acquaintances no longer asked how I felt.

Count my blessings

I owe a lot to my illness. It has taught me the great happiness of simply being well.

A few weeks ago, because I was no longer in industry, I realized that it was wishful thinking to imagine that I could afford an expensive car, so I sold my Rolls-Royce. Since the time I had emerged from the toddler stage I had yearned for a Rolls. Now it had to go. It hurt, but not as much as it might have done.

I felt fine as I thought of what I had come through. I would be back in business soon, though never again would I overdo things. I had my priorities nicely planned, and had learned to count my blessings. Fitness must come first.

I smiled as I opened the door of the Morris Minor with my once "dead" hand. I smiled as I accepted an autograph book for signature and was able to hold the book firmly, and write my name effortlessly, just as I used to do.

Then I put my once powerless foot on the clutch and moved off.

I had moved out of the shadows and into the light. It would be a happy New Year.

THE END

Is your child an infant prodigy?

by KEITH ELLIS

Bright boys are not always top of their class. You may think your son can scarcely read — yet find a genius on your hands

John Knee is ready for grammar school and can romp through an eleven-plus test—at the age of six

DR. J. FORD THOMSON didn't get very far in the first session. As consulting psychiatrist to the Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury groups of hospitals his job is to help children who have difficulties at school. This seven-year-old boy was unmanageable in class. He was in the C-stream and apparently made little progress.

"What shall we talk about next time?" asked Thomson at the end of the interview.

Without a moment's hesitation, the boy said: "The stars."

Thomson makes a point of never showing his surprise. "Can you tell me how far away the nearest star is?" he asked.

"Four light years," said the boy.

"And do you know how far the sun is from the earth?" The boy answered correctly and also told Thomson the speed of light. Finally, Thomson asked him: "Do you think that your teacher's very clever?"

"Oh, no!" said the boy. "He asks such easy questions."

Comments Thomson: "They were so easy the boy hadn't thought it worth while to put up his hand when the teacher asked for the answers. The teacher thought he just didn't know."

After a course of treatment the boy, whose intelligence quotient of 142 (compared with an average of one hundred) put him in the gifted or near-genius class, went on to a grammar school and so impressed the head with his knowledge of astronomy that he was asked to give a lecture to the whole school. Parts of it were so advanced that even the staff could not follow it.

Surprisingly, gifted children sometimes manage to conceal their cleverness even from their own parents. One boy, whose parents were doctors, had let them believe that he was unable to read. Another, whose mother thought he couldn't write, surprised her by correctly spelling in his notebook "constellation" and other words he had heard in a Third Programme talk on astronomy.

World fame—at eight

At school, such children fail to shine either because they feel it isn't worth the effort or because they are afraid of being unpopular with their classmates.

Often they are "discovered" by pure chance. Lido de Marco had no idea that his four-year-old daughter, Gianella, had any special abilities. One night he put her to bed while Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was being broadcast. Some time later he heard noises in her room. When he went up he found her standing in her cot conducting an imaginary orchestra. At eight she was a world-famous prodigy conductor.

In Bangalore, five-year-old Shakuntala Devi used to sit by her uncle, a student of mathematics, while he was working out his problems. One day he explained to her what a cube root was. Soon afterwards she told him that she would tell him the answer to a cube root problem he was struggling with if he would buy her some sweets. Laughing, he agreed. Shakuntala told him the correct answer and is now a recognized arithmetical prodigy.

Unfortunately some gifted children never develop their talents. John Macpherson, a Scottish educationist, recently reported on the progress of 1,208 Scottish children born in 1936. They came from every part of Scotland, from every type of family.

In 1947 they had been tested individually and forty-one of the boys and thirty-five of the girls were found to be specially bright. Researchers checked on these in 1954.

Only two of the girls were not doing intellectual work. They were shop assistants. But of the boys, eight had gone into manual work and another two into labouring jobs. Yet if they had been properly trained all of them could have developed into the top-level scientists Britain needs so badly.

There are two types of gifted children. Some have high general intelligence which they can apply to almost any subject throughout life. If they specialize they may become infant prodigies.

Composer at four

Mozart was of this type. Although he was clever in many directions he specialized in music. Thus he was able to play the clavier at three and write a concerto at four.

So was John Ruskin, who wrote his first poems at six, and Macaulay, who wrote a world history at seven.

Nobody knows the reason for this special ability. The size of the brain may have something to do with it, but the way in which the cells are arranged is more important.

The second type of gifted child is brilliant in only one subject, often arithmetic or chess. In everything else he may be only average or even subnormal. Often this type of child loses

continued on page 19

It was curious how Janet always won—when the young man she loved was spinning the wheel of fortune...

Roulette and Romance

by ROBERT STANDISH

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

BACK in the thirties, when "Colonel" Julius Treadgold was at the peak of his career as a "con man," he married a lovely young woman named Isabel Jenkins, better known in European cosmopolitan circles as the "Countess" Isabella Mortola y Cabroni, a name which she borrowed from an old circus bill. In "con" circles she was known as the Weeper. Isabel's speciality at the time was anguished weeping in the lounges of the most expensive hotels in Europe. This she did so convincingly that rich old men were impelled to come to her rescue.

But there is, as Isabel soon found out, a strict limit to the number of hotels where such scenes can be staged. Wise enough to realize that her act could not be performed twice in any one hotel, she retired. Less wisely, perhaps, she married Julius Treadgold, who at the time was unloading upon the gullible a block of shares in an exotic venture called the La Fiesta & Natividad Gold Mining Corporation, incorporated under the laws of Uruguay.

Julius was an American. Isabel was English. For reasons which were doubtless excellent, Julius preferred not to go to the United States Consulate-General in Paris in order to register the marriage.

Isabel died in childbirth a year later. Her infant, a girl, survived, but the birth was never registered. Julius called his daughter Isabel, but was forced later to change her name to Martha in order to conform to the name of the infant daughter of a New Zealand couple, on whose passport he entered Switzerland at the outbreak of war in 1939.

Being well in funds at the time, he put Martha in the care of a kind Swiss couple for the duration of the war, promising to come back after it was over. He came back in 1947 to find her, aged eleven, speaking French, German and Italian fluently, but not a word of her native English.

By declaring himself the child's guardian and obtaining for her a Swedish passport in the Geneva black market, Julius was able to set out on his travels with his daughter.

In London, with the help of a "fringe" lawyer and a good deal of perjury, a bewildered girl was sent to a good boarding school and thence to another, from which she emerged in 1954 a lovely, charming and well-poised young lady of eighteen summers to whom her father tried to explain why her name was now Janet Murchison.

WHEN I met Julius and Janet they had just arrived on the French Riviera. We were fellow guests at an obscure *pension*, the Hôtel Primavera. Julius was still a handsome, charming man, well-dressed and debonair in a musical comedy fashion. His smile was a shade too quick, his silver hair too artfully artless; his booming geniality had a hollow ring. I spotted him instantly as a phoney.

The Hôtel Primavera was owned by

Madame Tarascon, widow of a minor French civil servant. Her son, Marc, was a croupier at one of the Cannes casinos. The first time I saw Marc Tarascon, I intercepted the look which passed between him and Janet, telling me all I needed to know. Julius intercepted that look, too.

I did not at first understand the satisfaction in Julius's voice when he said to me: "You know, Fulton, that boy is knocked clean off his balance by Janet. He looks at her as though he'd like to eat her." It was not until the last few days of my stay that I realized that Julius Treadgold was planning to use Janet to further some larcenous scheme against the casino.

One evening after dinner in the hotel lounge which he used as a kind of forum, he talked about gambling, gamblers and gambling hells, with all three of which he seemed familiar. Somebody else launched the topic, wondering out loud whether the gambling at the Riviera casinos was straight, or crooked.

Julius Treadgold wasn't interested in this aspect of the matter: he was concerned only with the safeguards employed by the casinos to protect them against crookedness on the part of individual gamblers.

"Sure enough," he agreed, "over the years they must have built up an almost burglar-proof system. But 'almost' is the operative word. There must be a chink in the armour of the casinos. Not a big chink, probably, but a chink."

"What," I asked him, "do you think is the chink in the armour of the roulette wheel? Just what, precisely, are you getting at?"

"The fact that the game of roulette is not wholly and entirely a game of chance," he replied.

"A lot of people would disagree with you," I told him.

"A LOT of people disagreed with Galileo, Newton and all the others who have upset the stuffed shirts by thinking along original lines," was the arrogant retort. "I don't believe that I could spend years of my life, as these croupiers do, spinning a roulette wheel and twirling the little ivory ball in the opposite direction without acquiring some skill. Will you concede that?"

"I'll concede it as a bare possibility, yes," I said.

"Then if you concede that," he went on persuasively, "you must concede that the degree of skill varies with the individual, although I am prepared to concede in turn that the croupiers who do acquire any skill are a very small minority.

"Maybe, who knows, these men see themselves as the personification of Chance. Who can guess what vanities beguile their waking hours?"

It was an eminently reasonable point of view, propounded with skill and conviction by a man who, quite obviously, had given the question much thought. I found myself wondering what Janet thought about it. Nor had I long to wait.

"I suppose," she said with a faraway look in her eyes, when all but he and I had drifted out of the lounge, "that if a croupier really can use skill, he would naturally help the people he . . . well, liked, wouldn't he?"

"You can put it that way," I said, "but I imagine that, if the casino management got wind of anything like that, he would soon be an ex-croupier."

"I've never been inside a casino," Janet said wistfully, ignoring what I had said.

"If your father has no objection, I'll be glad to take you this evening," I said. And I meant it. Janet was an extremely attractive girl. . . .

"Do you think casinos are honest?" she asked me, as we were walking down towards the Croisette.

"I think so," I replied.

"I don't think Papa believes anything is honest," she went on, revealing nothing in her tone or manner to suggest her own ideas. "But it would be wonderful, wouldn't it, if there was a way of always winning from the casino?"

"Wonderful, yes, but I don't think it could be done . . . honestly."

"Papa always says that honesty is a relative term, but I am not quite sure that I understand what he means. . . ."

"Nevertheless," I said somewhat unctuously, "it is very important for you to understand. Your father, is of course, quite right when he says that a great many people in the world are dishonest, but there are also a great many who are honest simply because it does not occur to them to be anything else."

I looked sharply at Janet and what I saw told me that I was wasting my time. Nothing that I said was going to influence her thinking. She was fighting an inner war.

There was nothing I could do about it, so I tried to dismiss it from my mind, although I was unhappily aware that if I had been fifteen years younger I would have done something.

Janet was already familiar with the game of roulette, although she had never seen it played. She went straight to the table nearest the door, putting a 200-franc chip on No. 21, her own age, which is the conventional bet of the novice entering a casino for the first time. At odds of 35 to 1, she won seven thousand francs. It must have looked so easy to her.

The something-for-nothing spark, which lies dormant in most of us, in Janet was fanned to a fierce heat by this quick success. She wandered from table to table with varying success.

THEN, at the table where Janet was playing, the crew was changed. Marc Tarascon slipped quietly into the vacant place at the wheel. Janet smiled with her eyes, but from Marc there was not a flicker of recognition.

While Marc did not once glance at Janet, I know that he was aware of her presence. She continued to stake on and around No. 21. On the third throw after Marc began his shift, the little ivory ball fell into the slot of 21 and Janet, who was now using nothing smaller than 1,000-franc chips, raked in something over 50,000 francs. . . . She then doubled her stakes and No. 21 came up again.

I don't remember the rest of her play, but I do know that during Marc

Roulette and romance

continued from previous page

Tarascon's spell at the wheel, her winnings totalled over three hundred pounds.

During the walk back to the Hôtel Primavera, Janet chattered excitedly, but neither of us mentioned Marc Tarascon, and I confess that I wondered whether after all the roulette wheel *was* susceptible to other influences than sheer blind chance.

Janet didn't wonder. I will swear to that. She was sure.

In more ways than one, that evening was a turning-point in Janet's life, for when we reached the hotel, Madame Tarascon emerged from her little cubbyhole to say that the doctor was upstairs with Julius Treadgold, who was gravely ill. He died during the night. . . .

ALMOST exactly a year later I returned to the Hôtel Primavera. I was about to ask Madame Tarascon what had happened to Janet when Janet herself came down the stairs into the entrance hall. Twelve months free of dependence upon her father had given her a poise and sureness of touch she had lacked before.

Marc Tarascon joined us. He greeted me courteously and then, linking arms, he and Janet went out together into the sunshine of a winter's afternoon.

I looked narrowly at Madame Tarascon, whose eyes followed them serenely as though their relationship, whatever it was, had her approval. I was glad of that, because Madame Tarascon was no fool and she would not have tolerated any association which in her judgment might have endangered Marc's career.

"All is well with her?" I asked.

"All goes well," replied Madame Tarascon, "but in the light of whispers which have reached me since it happened, Monsieur Treadgold rendered her the best service . . . by dying."

I thought so too. "Mademoiselle has found employment here in Cannes?" I asked.

"No, monsieur. Being a foreigner, it is almost impossible for her to obtain permission to work."

"Then, presumably," I said, "her father's affairs were settled in a satisfactory manner?"

"No, the poor child has received nothing from *that* source." Madame Tarascon seemed uncomfortable, but she added: "It is almost incredible, but the child wins consistently at roulette. Not large sums, monsieur will understand, but more than enough to meet all her expenses. I tell her and my son Marc tells her—and surely he should know what he is talking about—that it cannot last, but she will not listen. Gambling is a fever and must run its course."

I visited the casino next evening in the hope of seeing her play. I found her at the "big" table, where millions change hands.

Janet was staking on No. 31 as I arrived. Marc's age, I happened to know, was thirty-one. During the next twenty minutes or so, Janet lost money. Not a lot, but the pile of chips in front of her dwindled steadily.

MARC arrived then, slipping quietly into the seat of the man he was relieving. As before, neither made any sign of recognition.

Janet backed No. 22, her own age. She did this three times. On the fourth spin the winning number was 22. While chips to the value of 350,000 francs were being pushed across the table to her, I saw Marc catch the eye of the *chef*, who smiled and gave a faint shrug.

This told me what I wanted to know: that Marc's association with Janet was known to the *chef* and, presumably therefore, to the casino direction. But what did it mean? Surely not that Marc was introducing an element of skill in favour of Janet? To believe that meant believing that the *chef* himself was their accomplice.

On several successive evenings I watched Janet play. She lost small sums all over the room until Marc came to the table where she was playing. With Marc spinning the wheel, she began to win.

Janet's winnings while I was there were never large enough to incommode the casino, of course, but they were so pointedly consistent . . . while Marc officiated at the wheel.

In the bay, facing Cannes and forming one of the arms of the bay, are two islands. On one of these, St. Honorat, there is a Trappist monastery. I visited this one day and, while eating a solitary picnic lunch on the foreshore, I saw Marc Tarascon. He had been fishing off the rocks.

He was a pleasant young man and I was glad of his company.

We chatted lightly of almost everything except Janet. Then, abruptly, he said: "I have seen monsieur several times at the tables. With some success, I hope."

"A little," I replied, "but I am not a true gambler. Nevertheless," I went on artlessly, "I confess that I was tempted more than once to follow Mademoiselle Janet . . . whose luck seems quite phenomenal."

"Indeed yes," he agreed. "My colleagues and I watch it with interest. It is not that her winnings are so great but that the winning vein has continued for so long."

"Do you believe from your own observations that there is such a thing as a system to beat the bank?" I asked, trying to keep it impersonal.

"Of course not," he replied contemptuously, "just as there is no known way of making water run up hill. The most that can be said for any roulette system is that it limits losses and may prove profitable. From where I sit, monsieur, we laugh at system players and we are delighted when they win. You cannot buy the kind of publicity which results when a system, against all the probabilities, is apparently profitable."

Now, it is idle to deny, my curiosity was really aroused. I was impatient to read the last instalment of the story. It is one of my little vanities—I am a lawyer by profession—that I know something of human nature. Try as I would to make them, Janet and Marc conformed to no familiar pattern of behaviour. One had to accept the fact that Janet was a consistent winner and work backwards from there.

I suppose in some subtle way which even I had not realized, my attitude to Janet had undergone some changes and she was aware of it.

"I used to think you were a nice man," she said at our next meeting, which was in the hotel, "but now you look at me disapprovingly. I have seen it in your eyes. I don't make mistakes . . . at least, not that kind."

"Suppose for the sake of argument that you are right, Janet," I replied, passing the ball back to her, "doesn't a reason occur to you?"

"I suppose you think I am too young to be spending so much time in the casino. Is that it?"

"I do think that, of course. But can't you think of any other reason?"

"No," she said with a refreshing bluntness, "but I'd like to know all the same."

"Then if I look disapproving," I said, "and I haven't yet admitted that I do, it could be because you are putting Marc in a very awkward position. Remembering, as I do, the last conversation I had with your father, it begins to look as though you have in some way prevailed upon Marc to—well, introduce skill into roulette and give the Goddess of Chance an occasional nudge. Have I answered you?"

"Yes, you have. I thought it was something like that," she said, quite unabashed.

"Well, am I right?"

"Of course you are," came Janet's surprising reply. "Papa, whether you believe it or not, was a pretty smart man."

"Maybe he was, Janet, but that doesn't give you the right to dazzle a man like Marc and turn him into a criminal. Because that's what he is if he is playing tricks with the roulette wheel. I'm amazed that he was simple enough to let you talk him into it."

"Talk him into it?" echoed Janet in shocked tones. "I never mention roulette to him—except to tell him what I've won."

"Then you mean that he doesn't try to help you win?" I said, floundering, not knowing what to believe.

SHE exclaimed impatiently: "Of course Marc helps me win! He can't help it. Without really knowing it, he uses all his skill to help me. Papa was right, won't you understand? No croupier can be sure of throwing exactly what he wants to throw, but if they try hard they sometimes succeed. I've won every week since the winter season began on November the first. How could I possibly have done that without Marc's help?"

"Are you in love with Marc?" I asked.

"Of course I am! We are to be married some time next year."

"But, Janet," I protested, trying to forget that this was the daughter of Julius Treadgold and the Weeper, "surely you don't suppose that the casino will be so foolish as to permit you to go on winning large sums when your husband is in their employ?"

"Of course not!" she snapped again, as though she were talking to a half-wit. "That's why I'm in such a hurry to win—now. I hate the casino. When I have won enough to buy our house, I shall stop. Then, even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to go on gambling. There won't be time. I shall have my housework and we have decided to have a lot of babies." Janet opened her handbag, showing me a huge wad of notes. "Look! I've won all that — almost enough for the house."

This was not the moment for it, but I wanted to tell her that her best chance of happiness lay in forgetting everything she had ever learned from the lips of the shabby trickster who had sired her.

I regret that I was not in the casino on the evening when the roulette wheel took its long-postponed revenge upon Janet, but by all accounts it was sensational.

She began staking in maximums and in less than an hour she had lost everything. I guessed what had happened when, quite early, she arrived back at the hotel in floods of tears. Marc arrived soon afterwards, having obtained special permission to leave.

JANET flew at him in a rage. "Why—why did you make me lose it all?" she stormed. "With one more winning evening I would have had enough for our house. Why did you do that?"

"I didn't make you lose, Janet," he said, his face drawn with distress. "I didn't make you win either. All I did was to spin the wheel; for everything else you must give luck the credit and the blame."

"Is that the truth, Marc?" she asked in a dead voice, her eyes rounded with horror.

"I would not lie to you, Janet," he replied with dignity, "and, even if I could influence the fall of the little ivory ball, I would not do it—not even for you."

A little frown in the shape of a question mark appeared on her brow. "Then all the time you were making a fool of me," she said bitterly. "All the time you knew that I believed you were helping me to win, and you let me go on making a fool of myself. Is that so?"

He smiled and nodded assent.

"And was that why you always made excuses to postpone our marriage?"

"Yes, Janet, that was why."

She began to weep softly. The sound was like the thin wailing of an unhappy child.

"But there is no longer any need for delay—now," said Marc. "Now it remains only for you to name the day."

"It does not matter to you that I am dishonest in my heart, or that I believed that you, too, were being dishonest?"

"No, Janet, it does not matter," he said tenderly. "Nothing matters now. Everybody wants to cheat the casino—every croupier knows that."

"Then, if you knew that, Marc," she sobbed, "and if, as you say, it did not matter, why—why did you postpone our marriage so many times?"

Madame Tarascon, who had been listening to every word, emerged from her cubbyhole. Coming from behind, she put her hands affectionately upon Janet's shoulders.

"Surely, my little cabbage," she said reprovingly, "you could not have believed that *my son*"—I wish I could reproduce on paper the pride there was in those words—"would be such a fool as to marry a gambler?" THE END

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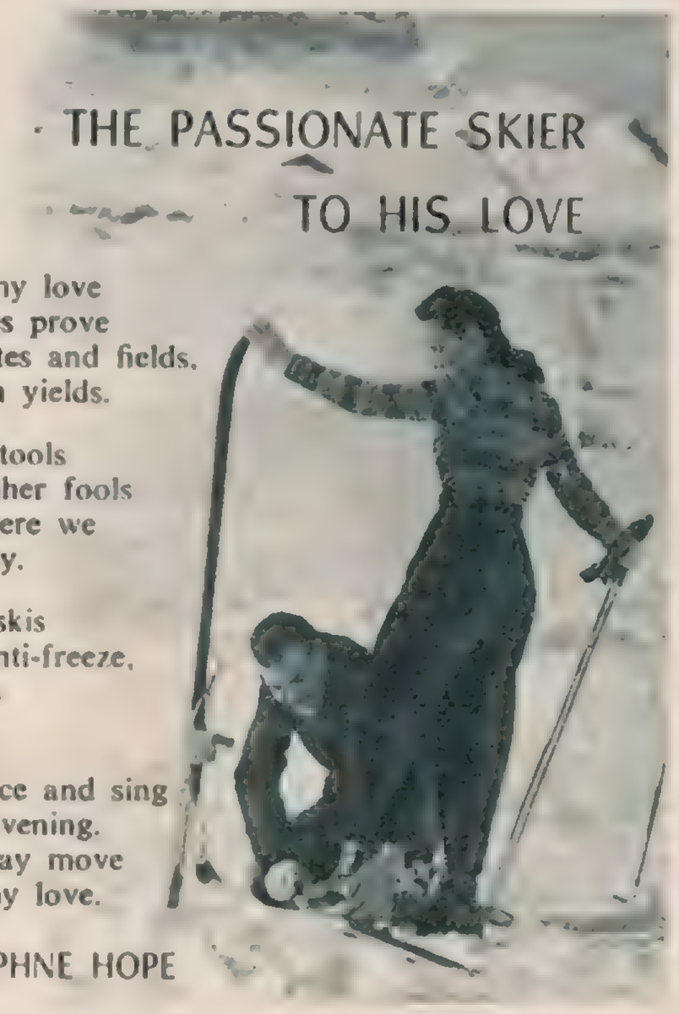

THE PASSIONATE SKIER
TO HIS LOVE
Come ski with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
That slopes and slaloms, pistes and fields,
Or wood or steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon high stools
And drink Glühwein with other fools
By shining slot machines where we
Can play jazz music endlessly.
And I will buy thee plastic skis
And goggles smeared with anti-freeze,
Fur-hooded anorak with zips
And anti-blister for thy lips.
Fair Alpine youths shall dance and sing
Schuhplattler for thee each evening.
If these delights thy mind may move
Come ski with me and be my love.
DAPHNE HOPE

Montgomery and Churchill cross the Rhine. Montgomery's message to his men was: "The complete and decisive defeat of the Germans is certain"

Squabbles on the road to the Rhine

Trouble over tactics was hampering our advance across Europe. Ike had his own ideas on strategy, and I had mine: to drive ahead and beat the Russians to Berlin

In our move forward on the northern flank in September, 1944, to secure the Ruhr in accordance with Eisenhower's orders, we were confronted with two major river obstacles—the Meuse and the Rhine. Whatever route we took, there would be additional obstacles in the form of large canals.

My plan was to drive hard for the Rhine across all these obstacles, and to seize a bridgehead beyond the Rhine before the enemy could reorganize sufficiently to stop us.

I had been allotted the First Allied Airborne Corps under Lieutenant-General Browning and placed it under the command of Second Army (General Dempsey).

The essential feature of the plan was the laying of a "carpet" of airborne forces across the five major water obstacles which existed on the general axis of the main road through Eindhoven to Uden, Grave, Nijmegen, and thence to Arnhem.

The whole operation was given the code name of Market Garden. It was certainly a bold plan. Indeed, General Bradley has described it as "one of the most imaginative of the war." But the moment he heard about it he tried to get it cancelled, lest it should open up possibilities on the northern flank and I might then ask for American troops to be placed under my command to exploit them.

He was an advocate of the double thrust—the Saar *and* the Ruhr. So was Patton. Whenever Eisenhower appeared to favour the Ruhr thrust, Patton used to say he was the best general the British had.

But Eisenhower believed in Operation Market Garden. He had met me in Brussels for a conference on September 10, and had agreed my plans for the operation. In his book *Crusade In Europe* he has described that conference, and wrote as follows: "After completion of the bridgehead operation he (Montgomery) was to turn instantly and with his whole force to the capture of Walcheren Island and the other areas from which the Germans were defending the approaches to Antwerp."

Now this point was not, in fact, ever mentioned at the conference. In my memory his intention was always to occupy the Saar and the Ruhr and, *while advancing to do this,* to be opening the ports of Havre and Antwerp.

So far as his orders to me were concerned he never deviated from this intention. Indeed, his orders issued on October 8 were that the plans of both Army Groups "must retain as first mission the gaining of the line of the Rhine north of Bonn as quickly as humanly possible." The word Antwerp does not appear in those orders.

It was not until October 9 that for the first time he named the free use of Antwerp as having priority over all other missions.

The orders issued by me on September 14 are interesting as showing how I was trying to carry out his intentions. Paragraphs 2 and 10 seem to be especially important.

OPERATIONAL DIRECTIVE: M.525

"1. Now that Havre has been captured, we are in a better position to be able to proceed with operations designed to lead to the capture of the Ruhr.

"2. We have captured the port of Antwerp, but cannot make use of it as the enemy controls the mouth of the Scheldt; operations to put this matter right will be a first priority for Canadian Army.

"3. On our right flank, First U.S. Army has entered Germany and is in contact with the defences of the Siegfried Line. And away to the south, Third U.S. Army has bridgeheads over the Moselle.

"4. Together with 12 Army Group, we will now begin operations designed

Montgomery

continued from previous page

to isolate and surround the Ruhr; we will occupy that area as we may desire. *Our real objective, therefore, is the Ruhr.* But on the way to it we want the ports of Antwerp and Rotterdam, since the capture of the Ruhr is merely the first stop on the northern route of advance into Germany. . . .

FIRST CANADIAN ARMY

"8. Complete the capture first of Boulogne, and then of Calais.

"9. Dunkirk will be left to be dealt with later; for the present it will be merely masked.

"10. The whole energies of the army will be directed towards operations designed to enable full use to be made of the port of Antwerp.

"Airborne troops are available to co-operate.

"Air operations against the island of Walcheren have already commenced and these include:

"(a) the isolation of the island by taking out road and rail bridges;

"(b) attacks on coast defence guns;

"(c) attacks on other artillery, including flak. . . ."

Ike's humanity

Eisenhower's reaction to these orders was immediate. He wrote me by return a letter to say how completely he agreed. There was no need for him to have done this. But it shows the wonderful humanity of the man. He obviously thought I would value such a letter, knowing what a lot of argument we had had over the past few weeks—and I did value it.

"September 16, 1944.

"Dear Monty,

"Your M.525 has just arrived here and I must say that it not only is designed to carry out most effectively my basic conception with respect to this campaign but is in exact accordance with all the understandings that we now have.

"I sent a senior staff officer to General Bradley yesterday to see that all of his intentions both with respect to application of his forces and distribution of his supplies will co-ordinate completely with this idea. While he had issued a temporary directive on September 10 that on the surface did not conform clearly to this conception of making our principal drive with our left, the actual fact is that everything he is doing will work out exactly as you visualize it.

"I believe the enemy is capable of only one more all-out defensive battle in the west. His major forces will, I feel, try to cover the Ruhr. When our present pushing and thrusting has forced him to his stand we shall close on him rapidly.

"It is my concern so to shape our operations that we are concentrating for that purpose, and by concentrating I include all troops and supplies that can be efficiently employed in the battle. So Bradley's left is striking hard to support you; Third Army is pushing north to support Hodges; and Sixth Army Group is being pushed up to give right flank support to the whole. . . .

"Best of luck.

"Sincerely,

(sgd.) DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

"A copy of this will go to Bradley."

Operation Market Garden was duly launched on September 17, 1944. It has been described by many writers and I will not go over it all again.

We did not, as everyone knows, capture that final bridgehead north of Arnhem. As a result we could not position the Second Army north of the Neder Rijn at Arnhem, and thus place it in a suitable position to be able to develop operations against the north face of the Ruhr. But the possession of the crossings over the Meuse at Grave, and over the Lower Rhine (or Waal as it is called in Holland) at Nijmegen, were to prove of immense value later on; we had liberated a large part of Holland; we had the stepping-stone we needed for the successful battles of the Rhineland that were to follow.

Airborne troops in action at Arnhem. Montgomery calls it a "glorious" battle—and admits he made mistakes

The following signal was received from the 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem on the night of September 24:

"Must warn you unless physical contact is made with us early September 25 consider it unlikely we can hold out long enough. All ranks now exhausted. Lack of rations, water, ammunition and weapons with high officer casualty rate. . . . Even slight enemy offensive action may cause complete disintegration. If this happens all will be ordered to break towards bridgehead if anything rather than surrender. Any movement at present in face of enemy is not possible. Have attempted our best and will do so as long as possible."

We could not make contact with them in sufficient strength to be of any real help, and I gave orders that the remnants of the division were to be withdrawn back over the Neder Rijn at Arnhem, and into our lines, on the night of September 25. Some two thousand wounded who were unable to be moved were left behind with doctors and nursing orderlies, and these were taken prisoner by the Germans.

Return from Arnhem

Of the senior officers in the division we got back only the Divisional Commander (Urquhart), one Brigadier (Hicks) and the C.R.A. (Loder-Symonds).

All the battalion commanders were lost, except one.

Of the other officers and men we recovered: 125 officers, four hundred glider pilots, 1,700 n.c.o.s and men. I sent them all back to England at once.

General Urquhart came to stay with me at my Tac Headquarters before returning to England. He asked me to give him a letter which he could read out to the division when it reassembled in England. I gave him the following, dated September 28, 1944:

"I want to express to you personally, and to every officer and man in your division, my appreciation of what you all did at Arnhem for the Allied cause. I also want to express to you my own admiration, and the admiration of us all in 21 Army Group, for the magnificent fighting spirit that your division displayed in battle against great odds on the north bank of the Lower Rhine in Holland.

"There is no shadow of doubt that, had you failed, operations elsewhere would have been gravely compromised. You did not fail, and all is well elsewhere. . . .

"In the annals of the British Army there are many glorious deeds. In our army we have always drawn great strength and inspiration from past traditions, and endeavoured to live up to the high standards of those who have gone before. But there can be few episodes more glorious than the epic of Arnhem, and those that follow after will find it hard to live up to the standards that you have set. . . .

"In years to come it will be a great thing for a man to be able to say: 'I fought at Arnhem.'"

Not a spearhead

There were many reasons why we did not gain complete success at Arnhem. The following, in my view, were the main ones.

First.—The operation was not regarded at Supreme Headquarters as the spearhead of a major Allied movement on the northern flank designed to isolate, and finally to occupy, the Ruhr—the one objective in the West which the Germans could not afford to lose. There is no doubt in my mind that Eisenhower always wanted to give priority to the northern thrust and to scale down the southern one. He ordered this to be done, and he thought that it was being done. It was not being done.

Eisenhower is a thoroughly genuine person; he is the very incarnation of sincerity and he trusts others to do as he asks. But in this instance his intentions were not carried out.

Second.—The airborne forces at Arnhem were dropped too far away from the vital objective—the bridge. It was some hours before they reached it. I take the blame for this mistake. I should have ordered Second Army and 1 Airborne Corps to arrange that at least one complete parachute brigade was dropped quite close to the bridge, so that it could have been captured in a matter of minutes and its defence soundly organized with time to spare. I did not do so.

Third.—The weather. This turned against us after the first day and we could not carry out much of the later airborne programme.

Fourth.—The 2nd S.S. Panzer Corps was refitting in the Arnhem area, having limped up there after its mauling in Normandy. We knew it was there. But we were wrong in supposing that it could not fight effectively; its battle state was far beyond our expectation. It was quickly brought into action against the 1st Airborne Division.

As after Normandy, so again after Arnhem, I was bitterly disappointed. It was my second attempt to try to capture the Ruhr quickly. Brigadier Bill Williams, the head of my intelligence staff, used to tell me that the Germans could not carry on the war for more than about three months after they lost the Ruhr. But we still hadn't got it.

And here I must admit a bad mistake on my part—I underestimated the difficulties of opening up the approaches to Antwerp so that we could get the free use of that port. I reckoned that the Canadian Army could do it *while* we were going for the Ruhr. I was wrong.

In my—prejudiced—view, if Market Garden had been properly backed from its inception, and given the aircraft, ground forces and administrative resources necessary for the job—it would have succeeded *in spite* of my mistakes, or the adverse weather, or the presence of the 2nd Panzer Corps near Arnhem.

I remain Market Garden's unrepentent advocate.

The Battle of the Ardennes, which began on December 16, 1944, and continued to January 16, 1945, has aroused such bitter feelings between Britons and Americans that I cannot disregard it. But I think we must first describe the events which led up to it, since this will show that the battle could so easily have been avoided.

Heavy casualties

On November 28 Eisenhower came to stay a night with me at my Tac Headquarters at Zonhoven. We had long talks that night and the next morning, in the course of which we discussed the situation in which we found ourselves at that time—which, to say the least of it, was far from good.

The war of attrition in the winter months, forced on us by our faulty strategy after the great victory in Normandy, was becoming very expensive in human life.

In the American armies there was a grave shortage of ammunition. The rifle platoons in all divisions were under strength and the reinforcement situation was bad. American divisions in the line began to suffer severely from trench-foot as the winter descended on us.

In my own army group I was concerned about the growing casualties

which, from June 6 to October 1, totalled 82,318.

During my talk with Eisenhower I gave it as my opinion that Bradley's 12 Army Group did not look to me to be very well "balanced" tactically. I suggested that to restore tactical balance some of Patton's divisions should be moved up to the north and that his offensive in the south should be cancelled.

These views were passed on to Bradley and on December 3 he wrote me a letter to the effect that he could not do this, giving his reasons. This letter is important in view of what was to happen later, and I give below the relevant extracts from it.

Only six divisions

"The question of whether I should transfer some of Patton's divisions to the north was given careful consideration prior to our recent jump-off. He had only six infantry divisions and he held a front line of over seventy miles, and this front included the containing of the fortress of Metz.

"I felt that even though he remained on the defensive I could not take away more than one infantry division, or at the outside two, without too much weakening his front. This would have left him in a position where he would be unable to launch any offensive and thus co-operate with the Sixth Army Group on the south.

"I therefore decided not to take any divisions away from him so that he could launch an attack in conjunction with Devers, with the hope of cleaning up Lorraine and, if possible, the Saar. As of midnight, November 30, he had taken over 25,500 prisoners, and the total losses of the enemy for this period of time must have been much greater.

"Because of our inability to receive, equip and supply troops through our Channel ports it has been necessary to divert seven divisions to Devers's Army Group. Naturally we wanted to get as much use out of these divisions as possible, and the attack of the Sixth Army Group, in conjunction with Patton's attack, has so far achieved very satisfactory results. I believe that between the Seventh Army and the Third Army this very important attack can be kept up."

I reminded Eisenhower that, overall, we had so far failed to carry out the plan laid down in his directive of October 28, i.e. to secure the Ruhr and the Saar. We must now have a new plan.

Before he left me on November 29, I suggested to him that what was now indicated was a meeting between himself, Tedder, Bradley and myself; we could then all give our views and he could give us his plan for the next phase. He agreed; he fixed the conference for December 7, at Maastricht.

A break for golf

We all four met there at 10.30 a.m. on December 7, but really achieved nothing.

I had hoped to get agreement that we would shift our main weight towards the north. I then wanted the activities of 12 and 21 Army Groups to be directed against the Ruhr, and to the task of imposing mobile war on the enemy in the north German plain in the early spring. But no decision was given.

Meanwhile, Bradley's 12 Army Group was disposed in two main concentrations, each deployed for attack. In between was a gap of some one hundred miles, held by 8 American Corps of four divisions.

On the morning of December 16 I felt in need of relaxation.

I decided to fly up to Eindhoven in my Miles light aircraft, land on one of the fairways of the golf course and play a few holes of golf.

The H.Q. of the Air Force Group supporting Second Army was in the club house, and Dai Rees, the well-known golf professional, was there as driver of the A.O.C.'s car.

I knew Rees very well and we were great friends; we had been through the desert together. His civil job was professional at Hindhead Golf Club and he used to give lessons to my son David when the war was over and before he moved to South Herts. He is a most likeable character. I did not realize then that he was to become the best match player in the U.K.

I asked if Rees could meet me when I landed with a club or two. All was arranged satisfactorily and we began to play. But our game was soon interrupted by a message to say that the Germans had launched a heavy attack that morning on the front of the First American Army, and the situation was obscure. I said goodbye to Rees and flew straight back to my Tac Headquarters at Zonhoven.

The blow had fallen mainly on that part of the First Army front that was thinly held by 8 Corps under Middleton in the Ardennes, and a great "bulge" or salient was being made in the American line.

I think the less one says about this battle the better, for I fancy that whatever I do say will almost certainly be resented. All those with whom I was associated during the battle have now retired — Bradley, Hodges, Simpson, Ridgway, Collins and Gerow. And Patton is dead. So I will just mention the highlights as they appeared to me at the time.

The situation deteriorated rapidly and finally Bradley's 12 Army Group was split in two. His headquarters were at Luxembourg, whence he could not control the northern half of his army group. I kept in close touch with the situation by means of my team of liaison officers. And I took steps to ensure that the right flank and right rear of 21 Army Group would be secure, whatever might happen.

Disorganized flank

At 10.30 a.m. on December 20, Eisenhower telephoned me from his headquarters and ordered me to take command at once of all American forces on the northern flank of the bulge. That order put two American armies under my command: Ninth Army (Simpson) on my immediate right, First Army (Hodges) to the right of Ninth Army.

The First Army was fighting desperately.

Having given orders to Dempsey and Crerar, who arrived for a conference at 11 a.m., I left at noon for the H.Q. of the First Army, where I had instructed Simpson to meet me. I found the northern flank of the bulge was very disorganized. Ninth Army had two corps and three divisions; First Army had three corps and fifteen divisions. Neither army commander had seen Bradley or any senior member of his staff since the battle began, and they had no directive on which to work.

The first thing to do was to see the battle on the northern flank *as one whole*, to ensure the vital areas were held securely, and to create reserves for counter-attack.

I embarked on these measures.

I put British troops under command of the Ninth Army to fight alongside American soldiers, and made that army take over some of the First Army front. I positioned British troops as reserves behind the First and Ninth Armies until such time as American reserves could be created. Slowly but surely the situation was held, and then finally restored. Similar action was taken on the southern flank of the bulge by Bradley, with the Third Army.

I must mention a joke on my part which was not considered funny in Whitehall. The War Office was very naturally worried and I sent a telegram to the C.I.G.S. giving the whole story of what happened and telling him what I was doing about it. The last sentence read: "We cannot come out through Dunkirk this time as the Germans still hold that place."

My telegram was sent on to the Prime Minister but with the last sentence cut out!

The battle may be said to have ended in the middle of January. On January 14 I sent the following letter to General Bradley:

"My dear Brad,

"It does seem as if the battle of the 'salient' will shortly be drawing to a

Crazy Notion

Where do all the crazes go?
Hopscotch and diabolo?
Is there perhaps a Crazy Town
Where all the crazes settle down?

Where five-stones pave the village street,
Where skipping ropes and whip-tops meet,
Where fascinating sticks called pogo
Join the late lamented yo-yo?

Maybe in nineteen fifty-nine
Gay plastic rings will roll in line,
When with one last despairing shout
The craze for hula hoops goes out!

AILSA FRANKLIN

Foreign Affairs

A gunman was escaping from a shop in Illinois with a bag full of loose cash when the gun in his pocket went off. The bullet split the bag and scattered the money. He didn't stop to pick it up.

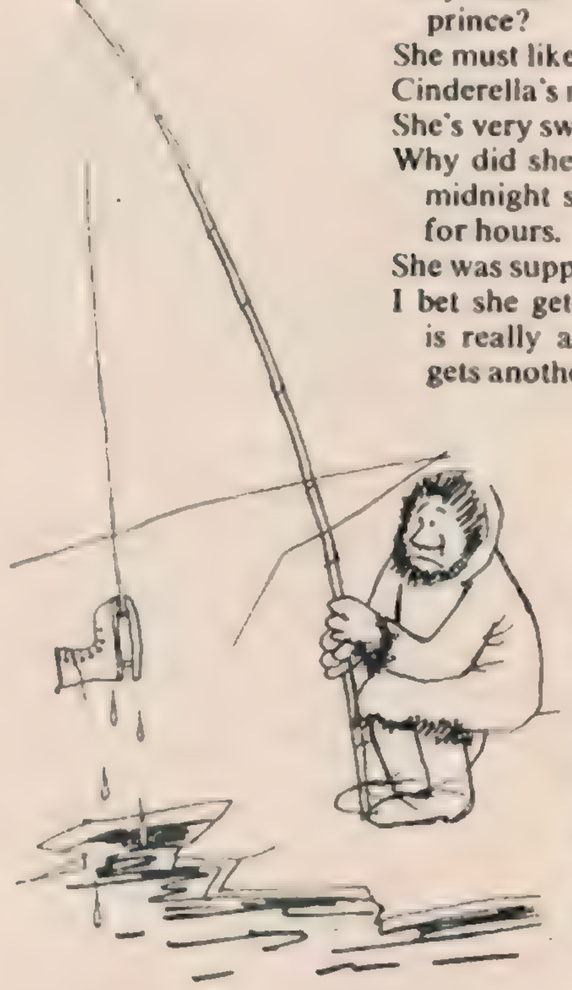
After three cars crashed in Tokyo, police found that one was taking a woman to a maternity clinic, the second, a police car, was chasing the first for speeding, and the third was the woman's doctor's. The baby arrived while the drivers were arguing.

In Short

Pantomime

Wasn't it lucky that slipper fitted Cinderella?
Very lucky.
It might have fitted anyone, mightn't it?
Easily.
Is that why she keeps singing away?
I suppose it is.
Why do people sing such a lot in pantomimes?
It makes it jollier.
It's jollier when we all join in, though, isn't it?
That's very nice, too.
Why didn't you sing when the man said it was the turn of everybody with false teeth? I said why didn't you sing when . . .
I was eating a chocolate. Keep quiet now. Here's Buttons.
I like Buttons best, don't you?
Yes.
Why doesn't Cinderella marry him instead of the prince?
She must like the prince better.
Cinderella's not too bright, is she?
She's very sweet.
Why did she have such a surprise, though, when midnight struck? We'd all been yelling at her for hours.
She was supposed to have a surprise.
I bet she gets another when she finds the prince is really a lady, don't you? I said I bet she gets another. . . .

LIONEL DAVIDSON



New Year Blues

I resolve to toe the line
Right through nineteen fifty-nine;
Never gamble, smoke or curse,
Moan, malinger, mope or worse;
Leave no litter, stick no bills,
Take no tranquillizer pills;
Drive at thirty, rise at six,
Drop no aitches, hints or bricks;
Hit no bottle, miss no chances,
Blame no fault on circumstances;
Lose no temper, use no fist;
And find a good psychiatrist.

HAZEL TOWNSON

Summing Up

The next witness, members of the jury, claimed that he saw the defendant wheeling a handcart containing something covered by a tarpaulin across the Market Square at 2 a.m. In cross-examination he agreed that his family had been in constant conflict with the defendant's family for the past forty years. He was followed by several other witnesses who were apparently strolling about this little town in the middle of the night and who all thought it very suspicious to see the defendant about, too.

A further indication that we may not have heard the whole story comes from the witness Johnson, who was called for the defence and who swore that all the witnesses for the prosecution had married sisters of a lady the defendant had once jilted. He admitted in cross-examination that he owed the defendant money.

At the identification parade, according to the defendant, all the other men showed hostility to him and indicated by winks and nods that he was the one in custody.

The discovery, on the third day of the trial, that the police inspector was, in fact, the stepson of. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Montgomery

continued from previous page

close, and when it is all clean and tidy I imagine that your armies will be returning to your operational command.

"I would like to say two things:

"*First:* What a great honour it has been for me to command such fine troops.

"*Second:* How well they have all done.

"2. It has been a great pleasure to work with Hodges and Simpson; both have done very well. And the corps commanders in the First Army (Gerow, Collins, Ridgway) have been quite magnificent; it must be most exceptional to find such a good lot of corps commanders gathered together in one army.

"3. All of us in the northern side of the salient would like to say how much we have admired the operations that have been conducted on the southern side; if you had not held on firmly to Bastogne the whole situation might have become very awkward.

"4. My kind regards to you and to George Patton.

"Yours very sincerely,

"(sgd.) B. L. MONTGOMERY."

On January 16 I regarded the battle as over. Eisenhower had ordered me to return the First Army to Bradley on January 17, the Ninth Army to remain under my command. I sent a message to Eisenhower: "I have great pleasure in reporting to you that the task you gave me in the Ardennes is now concluded."

Eisenhower's thanks

Eisenhower answered this telegram with a letter dated January 17 in which he said: "Thank you again for the way you pitched in to help out during the German thrust. Some day I hope I can show my appreciation in a more lasting manner."

There is one characteristic story about General Horrocks and his 30 Corps at this period which I often recall. I had ordered Second Army to position 30 Corps behind the Meuse in the general area between Louvain and Namur. Its role was to prevent any German units crossing the Meuse.

I went to see Horrocks in order to make certain he was clear about his orders. He was full of enthusiasm, as always, and had great ideas that he would let the Germans over the river and then win the final battle of the war on the field of Waterloo, which was not far away!

I told Dempsey that on no account was Horrocks to allow any Germans over the river.

I should also mention that on January 1 the Germans carried out large-scale attacks on our airfields in Holland and Belgium. My aircraft, the Dakota given me by Eisenhower in Sicily in August, 1943, was shot to pieces. He replaced it at once and I was so touched that I sent him the following message on January 6:

"My dear Ike, Have received the new C/47 you have so kindly lent me and I understand you have sent me one that was intended for yourself.

"Such spontaneous kindness touches me deeply and from my heart I send you my grateful thanks. If there is anything I can ever do for you to ease the tremendous burden that you bear you know you have only to command me.

"And I want you to know that I shall always stand firmly behind you in everything you do."

On January 7 I held a press conference about the battle. I was perturbed at this time about the sniping at Eisenhower which was going on in the British press. So I sent a message to the Prime Minister and said that in my talk to British and American correspondents about the battle I proposed to deal with the story of the battle. I would show how the whole Allied team rallied to the call and how teamwork saved a somewhat awkward situation. I suggested I should then put in a strong plea for Allied solidarity.

The Prime Minister agreed and said he thought what I proposed would be invaluable.

I held the conference. Many stories have been told about it, and many quotations taken out of their context. The notes from which I spoke include:

"The battle has been most interesting; I think possibly one of the most interesting and tricky battles I have ever handled, with great issues at stake. The first thing to be done was to 'head off' the enemy from the tender spots and vital places.

"Having done that successfully, the next thing was to 'see him off,' i.e. rope him in and make quite certain that he could not get to the places he wanted, *and also* that he was slowly but surely removed away from those places.

"He was therefore 'headed off,' and then 'seen off.'

"He is now being 'written off,' and heavy toll is being taken of his divisions by ground and air action. You must not imagine that the battle is over yet; it is by no means over and a great deal still remains to be done.

"I have spent my military career with the British soldier and I have come to love him with a great love; and I have now formed a very great affection and admiration for the American soldier.

"I salute the brave fighting men of America; I never want to fight alongside better soldiers. Just now I am seeing a great deal of the American soldiers; I have tried to feel that I am almost an American soldier myself so that I might take no unsuitable action or offend them in any way.

"I have been given an American identity card; I am thus identified in the army of the United States; my fingerprints have been registered in the War Department at Washington—which is far preferable to having them registered at Scotland Yard!

"And now I come to the last point.

"It is teamwork that pulls you through dangerous times; it is teamwork that wins battles; it is victories in battle that win wars. I want to put in a strong plea for Allied solidarity at this vital stage of the war; and you can all help in this greatly.

"Nothing must be done by anyone that tends to break down the team spirit of our Allied team; if you try and 'get at' the captain of the team you are liable to induce a loss of confidence, and this may spread and have disastrous results. . . .

"Let me tell you that the captain of our team is Eisenhower. I am absolutely devoted to Ike; we are the greatest of friends. It grieves me when I see uncomplimentary articles about him in the British press; he bears a great burden, he needs our fullest support, he has a right to expect it, and it is up to all of us to see that he gets it.

"And so I would ask all of you to lend a hand to stop that sort of thing: let us all rally round the captain of the team and so help to win the match.

"Nobody objects to healthy and constructive criticism; it is good for us.

"But let us have done with destructive criticism that aims a blow at Allied solidarity, that tends to break up our team spirit, and that therefore helps the enemy."

I think now that I should never have held that press conference. So great was the feeling against me on the part of the American generals that whatever I said was bound to be wrong. I should therefore have said nothing.

Secondly, whatever I said (and I was misreported), the general impression I gave was one of tremendous confidence. In contradistinction to the rather crestfallen American command, I appeared, to the sensitive, to be triumphant—not over the Germans but over the Americans. This was a false picture.

But I had also described the battle as "interesting." Those who did not know me well could hardly be expected to share my professional interest in the art of war and were, not unnaturally, aggrieved by this phraseology; they were too sore to find the battle "interesting" as an objective enterprise.

Criticized command

It will be manifest to the reader that from September 1, 1944, onwards I was not satisfied that we had a satisfactory organization for command or operational control.

I gave my views on the subject to General Marshall in no uncertain voice when he visited me at Eindhoven on October 8, and I wrote a paper on the subject entitled "Notes on Command in Western Europe" and sent it to Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, on October 10; he showed it to Eisenhower.

My main criticism stemmed from the fact that direct operational command of land armies in war involved close touch with subordinate commanders and therefore was a whole-time job; the commander must be well forward and have a good grip on the battle. In Normandy I had done this job; now nobody was doing it, and we were getting into trouble.

Having been shown my paper, Eisenhower replied to me direct in a letter dated October 13. In this letter he stated that he did not agree that one man could direct the land battle intelligently on the long front from Switzerland to the North Sea.

A difficult time

It required an overall commander "to adjust the larger boundaries to tasks commensurate to the several groups operating in the several areas." That overall commander must be the Supreme Commander.

It was a difficult time. Eisenhower was unhappy about the whole affair.

I therefore decided to drop the subject of a single command on land and on October 16 I sent him the following message:

"Dear Ike, I have received your letter of October 13. You will hear no more on the subject of command from me. I have given you my views and you have given your answer. That ends the matter and I and all of us up here will weigh in one hundred per cent to do what you want and we will pull it through without a doubt. . . . Your very devoted and loyal subordinate, Monty."

Eisenhower's reply was immediate and ran:

"Dear Monty, Thank you for your very fine message. Looking forward very much to seeing you tomorrow. As ever, Ike."

That issue was now closed. What remained was to try to get a sound plan for the winter campaign that lay ahead—the campaign in the Rhineland—and to get proper co-ordination of effort throughout the Allied forces.

The next attack

On December 28 Eisenhower visited the northern flank and I had a long talk with him in his special train at Hasselt. The Ardennes battle was then well in hand and our conversation turned mainly on what was to be done when it was over. I again gave it as my opinion that the Ruhr was the immediate objective; all available power must be concentrated to secure it; operational control of the forces involved must be exercised by one commander.

The next day I sent Eisenhower a letter:

"My dear Ike,

"It was very pleasant to see you again yesterday and to have a talk on the battle situation.

"2. I would like to refer to the matter of operation control of all forces engaged in the northern thrust towards the Ruhr, i.e. 12 and 21 Army Groups. I think we want to be careful, because we have had one very definite failure when we tried to produce a formula that would meet this case.

"3. When you and Bradley and myself met at Maastricht on December 7, it was very clear to me that Bradley opposed any idea that I should have operational control over his army group; so I did not then pursue the subject. I therefore consider that it will be necessary for you to be very firm on the subject, and any loosely worded statement will be quite useless.

"4. I consider that if you merely use the word 'co-ordination' it will not work. The person designated by you must have powers of operational direction and control of the operations that will follow on your directive.

"5. I would say that your directive will assign tasks and objectives to the two army groups, allot boundaries, and so on. Thereafter preparations are made and battle is joined. It is then that one commander must have powers to direct

continued on page 36

NEXT WEEK

The trouble with parents

Everybody liked my father's smashing new secretary. I still don't see how she started a family row . . .

A light-hearted story by JOHN DAVIES

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Whether it's a trickle from the kettle or a torrent from the tap—

You Must Have Hot Water

says ROGER SMITHELLS who surveys water heating costs and methods

Hot water flows from a "Hiflo" bibcock by Barking Brassware

BELIEVE it or not, one home in three in Britain still relies on kettles and pans, or an old-fashioned copper, for a supply of hot water. Many people really believe that it is cheaper to heat their water this way than to have a sink heater gushing hot water from the tap. Washing-up—a boring business anyway—is made worse by having to do it in a tiny bowl of water from the kettle, which starts too hot and ends too cold.

Constant hot water is not a luxury. It is a civilized amenity, like good lighting and good drainage. We need it for family health. We need it to ease the housewife's lot. Today there is a water heating system to suit every home and every budget. You may not be able to install a new system in your home, but you may be able to improve the one you have. Either way, you want a clear picture of the water-heating methods available.

Choosing a system

Points to consider are the size of your house, the number of people in it, how much water you need for home laundry, baths, washing-up and house cleaning.

Are you out all day? If so, you may not be interested in systems which give you continuous hot water and room heating. Are your requirements *small* but continuous? Then you will look for a gas or electric heater which will give you water at the turn of a tap but will not use much fuel when you are not running water. Are your requirements *large* and continuous? A solid fuel or oil-fired boiler will meet your demands. Do you need a large but intermittent supply? A gas instantaneous water heater should meet all your needs.

The different systems

What sort of water heater? I can only tell you what there is on the market. Only you can apply this information. Your house, your heating problem, is bound to be unique.

Assuming that you already have a traditional water heating system, as shown in the diagrams overleaf, you'll know that you've got a tank for storing hot water. You can heat the water in the storage tank from a solid fuel boiler or back boiler behind the living-room fireplace, or an oil or gas boiler, or an electric immersion heater, or with a gas "circulator." You can interchange these systems, since the function of all of them is to heat water for storage in a hot water cylinder which in turn gives a multipoint service.

Boilers these days are a far cry from the surly monsters they used to be. They are streamlined and available in colours. There is an approved list of solid fuel appliances issued by the Coal Utilization Council. Boilers on this list are tested to give at least ten hours' burning on coke without attention.

Thermostatically controlled boilers, more expensive, are also more efficient. Their regulated rate of burning reduces the work of looking after them and cuts down clinkering.

Oil-fired boilers and gas-fired boilers are completely automatic, and therefore completely labour saving.

Other systems which give multipoint service throughout the house, and which are often used as auxiliary systems in summer, or in emergencies, are:

Gas multipoint heaters which give an instant and continuous supply to two or more taps. The water is heated as it flows through the appliance, and gas is only used when the tap is turned on. You must have a flue for this type of heater. Gas multipoints can be interconnected to an existing storage system to give an auxiliary or summer service.

They can also be used in houses which have not previously had a piped hot water supply, since they need only to be connected to the cold water supply and do not require a storage tank.

Gas storage heaters are another form of self-contained multipoint. They heat and store, in their own cylinders or tanks, a given quantity of water. They must have a flue. Here again, they can be installed in houses which have not a piped hot water supply since they have their own storage cistern.

Electric storage heaters. These are totally enclosed, self-contained, thermostatically controlled, water heating systems. They can be connected to the usual cold water ball-valve cistern. Technically, they are known as the "pressure type." They are insulated. The dual element type will heat up small or large quantities at will. Usually installed in the kitchen, often under the draining board, they have a very short pipe-run to the sink tap, the most used tap in the house. As a result, there is little loss of heat.

Cistern-type electric water heaters have a self-contained cold water feed built into the top and must be mounted above the level of the hot taps. They have one advantage over the "pressure type" electric storage heaters—most water authorities allow them to be connected direct to the water main.

What you need. You should design your hot water system to meet your maximum requirements. You can always economize, but if your installation isn't big enough, you may never have enough hot water.

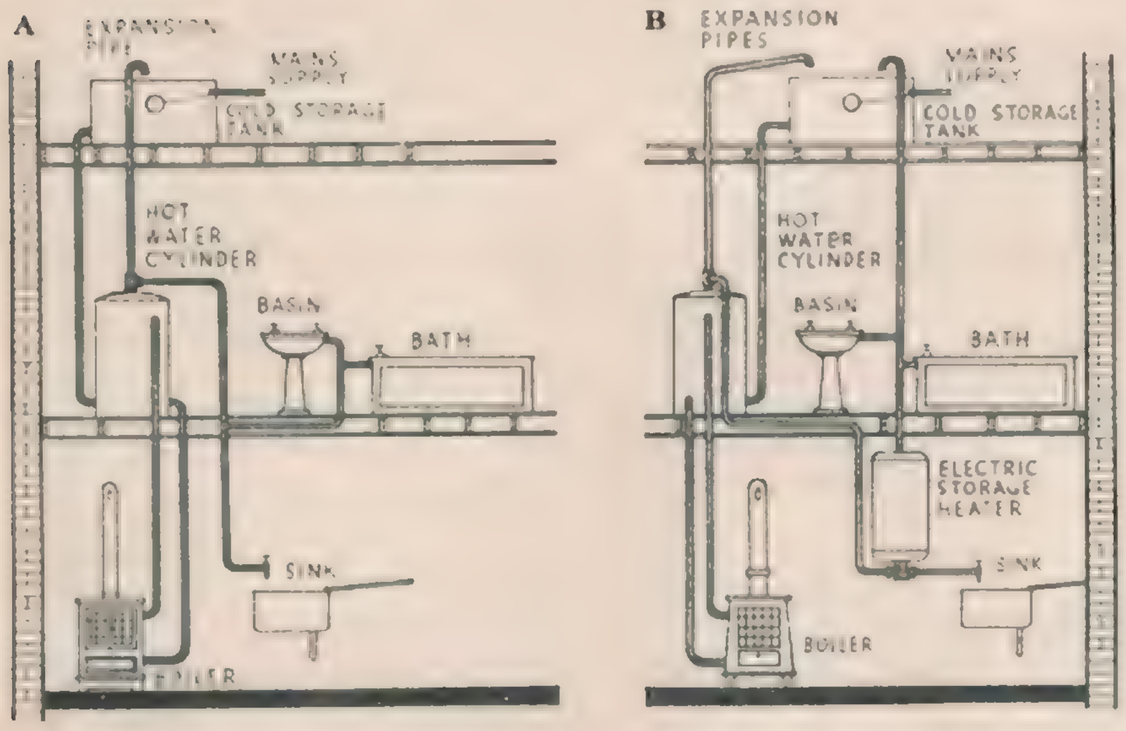
So when you have the chance to plan or re-plan your water heating, have a storage tank or heater big enough to meet your most extravagant requirements. With thermostatic control on

A new streamlined thermostatically controlled solid fuel boiler. Redfyre

A labour-saving and up-to-date oil-fired boiler, which is good-looking too. Delmore

A gas multipoint water heater heats unlimited water instantaneously. Main

A dual purpose electric storage heater is best installed under the kitchen sink



(A) A typical domestic hot water system. A pipe from the cold water cistern enters the bottom of the hot water storage cylinder. When the taps are turned on, water from the cold cistern enters at the bottom of the cylinder and forces hot water through the draw-off pipe at the top to the tap. (B) Diagram showing an electric storage heater fitted to an existing hot water system. This will boost the system in winter or take over in summer

all types of appliances you can regulate the amount of fuel you use. You can fit an "economy valve" to your hot water storage tank which enables you to heat only water at the top of the cylinder during the day but heat the whole cylinder at bath times.

As a rough guide, you need at least 11 gallons of hot water at 140 deg. F. plus 7 gallons of cold water for a reasonable bath. For hand-washing, washing-up and house-cleaning in the morning, for a household of four, you need 11 gallons of hot water at 140 deg. F.; and for wash-day 11 gallons of hot water at 140 deg. F.

British experts say your hot water system should supply from 150 to 200 gallons of hot water a week at 140 deg. F. In America they provide for 350 to 400 gallons a week. But you must decide the needs of your house and household. The most important item is the number of hot baths you will want to draw consecutively.

Do not underestimate your needs. An overworked small boiler is less efficient than a big one operating below capacity.

Self-contained gas and electric systems

Maybe you have not got or do not want a hot water system heated from a central source. This is where the self-contained gas and electric systems come in.

Single-point heaters over the sink, which will help out an overworked central system, fall into three groups. A selection is shown on page 35.

Instantaneous gas heaters consume gas only while the water is running. Some models will give water "at the boil" for tea and coffee making.

Single-point gas storage heaters are popular in 1½- or 3-gallon sizes. A 1½-gallon heater will take about eight minutes to heat its capacity of water. Thermostatically controlled, it will use very little gas until the water is run off. These heaters are available in larger sizes for use in bathrooms. They can be fitted with a swivel spout which, if the basin is near the bath, will deliver hot water to either. They are cheaper to run than instantaneous heaters, but do not give the same continuous service.

Single-point electric storage heaters, made in sizes from 1½ to 3 gallons, are useful for sink or washbasin. Technically described as "non-pressure" water heaters, they can be connected direct to the water mains. They are efficient and economical to run.

Models are also available of up to 15 gallons storage capacity for bathroom use. But most people find that the "pressure type" of storage heater is better in the bathroom, since it will also provide water to another outlet. However, since the pressure type needs to be connected to a cold water cistern, non-pressure storage heaters are sometimes installed near the tap and directly connected to the mains.

Auxiliary Heating

If your water is heated by a solid-fuel boiler or back boiler, you may want an alternative system for summer. Or you may want an extra boost for cold days.

The cheapest auxiliary heating to install is an electric immersion heater in your hot water storage tank. But it must be properly installed and the tank thoroughly insulated to conserve all the heat.

Temperature

The ideal temperature for the water from your hot tap is 140 deg. F. which is hot enough to wash greasy dishes. Scalding temperature is 150 deg. F. so there is no risk of injury to children and old people. For baths, 140 deg. F. is too hot for comfort, so is usually mixed with cold water to about 110 deg. F., which is a good temperature for a bath.

Cost

Comparing costs of running hot water systems is almost impossible without taking into account each individual case. The cost of fuel varies from district to district, and the run of pipe from heater to tap, and consequent heat loss, may be different in every case. Coke burning boilers are generally considered to be the most economical for heating a continuous supply.

Whichever system you use, a reasonable supply of hot water for all needs for four people is not likely to cost less than 10s. a week for fuel. With gas and electricity this will be for hot water alone. With solid fuel you would get partial central heating thrown in. Oil would work out at rather more than 10s. a week for hot water and partial space heating.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply

Cost of Appliances—Excluding Installations

TYPE	WHAT YOU GET	APPROXIMATE COST
Solid Fuel		
Hand-controlled Boiler	Hot water, some background warmth if not fully insulated. Space heating with larger sizes.	from £19
Thermostatically controlled boiler	As above. Less trouble to run.	from £25
Gas		
Multipoint instantaneous heater	Hot water throughout the house.	from £26
Multipoint storage heater	As above.	from £33
Single point instantaneous bath water heater	Hot water for bath. Can serve wash-basin in bathroom, too.	from £27
Single point storage bath water heater	As above.	from £33
Single point instantaneous sink water heater	Hot water for washing up.	from £13
Single point storage sink water heater	As above.	from £14
Electricity		
Multipoint pressure type storage heater	Hot water throughout the house.	from £35
Non-pressure type bath storage heater	Hot water for bath.	from £35
Non-pressure type storage sink heater	Hot water for washing up.	from £13
Immersion heater for use with existing system	Hot water throughout the house. Lag tank.	from £3
Oil		
Oil-fired boiler	Same as solid fuel boiler, slightly dearer, but less trouble to run.	from £75

Is your child an infant prodigy?

continued from page 9

his gift before he grows up. The child of high all-round ability is much the commoner of the two types. He has tremendous advantages over other children. Despite the popular belief that gifted children are unhealthy, unsociable and narrow-minded, recent research has shown that, on average, they are bigger and stronger than other children of the same age. They have more hobbies and are better at games.

Like Thomson's patient, their troubles are mainly educational. Able to do the work of several classes ahead, they find their own work exasperatingly easy. They may become resentful, rebellious, or, more commonly, lazy.

"If something lands in a kid's lap, why should he work?" asks Thomson.

As he points out, the State provides special schools for backward children but none for those specially advanced. Parents seeking the right sort of schooling for their gifted child have an almost impossible task.

The search took Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Knee half-way round the world. At three, they sent their gifted son John to a nursery school where he was put in a class with children of his own age.

Unfortunately, his class shared a room with eight-year-olds who were learning to spell. John was bored with his own work and when the teacher of the other class wrote words on the blackboard he read them out aloud.

The head asked John to leave. "I won't have my class disrupted by smart alecs like your son," he told Mr. Knee. "No boy should be allowed to read before he is five."

The Knees decided to emigrate, but in Australia John was still a misfit. When he started school at five he was so far ahead of infant work that the head put him in a class of eight-year-olds. The work there was still too elementary and the head again promoted him—first to the ten-year-olds and then to the twelve-year-olds. John was just bored.

"The authorities were unable to send him to high school as twelve is the minimum entry age," says Mr. Knee.

HOLIDAYS—1

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.

R. L. Stevenson

The Knees decided that England might offer a better chance after all. By good luck, R. J. O. Meyer, the former Somerset cricket captain and headmaster of Millfield, a boarding school with fees £200 a year higher than Eton's, read of John's unusual gifts and gave John a free scholarship. The school specializes in gifted children.

Most gifted children have to take their chance in ordinary schools. Though they never realize their full potential, their very cleverness often enables them to overcome their worst difficulties.

"The gifted child usually succeeds in something," says Thomson. "Often it's something he pursues himself."

Although no research has been done in this country, the findings of Dr. Lewis Terman, an American sociologist, confirm this. He selected from Californian schools 1,500 gifted children aged between three and eighteen and kept track of their subsequent careers. He found that nine out of ten had gone to college and almost as many had become successful business or professional men. They were earning almost twice the national average.

Seventeen out of twenty were married and while the divorce and insanity rates were the same as that of other groups, alcoholism and delinquency were much less common.

Gifted children may appear at any time, in any place, in any family. But parents with bigger incomes, better education and higher social standing are more likely to have them than others. The family size will be small — probably around two — and the brothers and sisters of gifted children will also be above average.

Not surprisingly, certain aptitudes tend to run in certain families. Of more than sixty relatives of Johann Sebastian Bach whose names and jobs are known, all but seven were musicians, many of them distinguished.

In spite of the popular belief that great geniuses were duffers at school, modern research has shown that almost all of them were brilliant as children. Catherine Cox, a sociologist, gathered together every reference she could find —in letters, biographies and diaries— to the childhood attainments of three hundred eminent geniuses.

She then submitted this material to three child psychologists who worked out the minimum childhood I.Q. which could account for these facts. Averaging out the marking of the three, she found that the average of the entire three hundred was around 160 and that few scored less than 140.

More of them now

In particular, she discovered that Byron, Scott and Darwin, who have often been regarded as extremely late developers, had childhood I.Q.s of 150, 150 and 135. Göethe, John Stuart Mill, Leibniz, Macaulay and Pascal all had childhood I.Q.s of more than 180.

Although gifted children have always been rare, rather less than one in a hundred, their numbers seem to be increasing. Two months after seeing the boy who was interested in stars, Dr. Thomson interviewed a ten-year-old boy whose I.Q. was 166.

This made Thomson wonder whether gifted children were becoming more numerous. To find out he gave intelligence tests to two thousand schoolchildren in Wolverhampton and arranged for a university to test another three thousand children. He then compared the scores with those made in similar tests before the war.

The results were surprising. There were far more gifted children than could possibly have been expected. In one average junior school alone there were two-thirds the number that could normally be expected from all the 1,500 children of that age in Wolverhampton.

Still more surprising, he found that the average child of nine had reached a level of attainment only achieved by children aged eleven before the war. By testing older children he went on to find that the jump in intelligence seemed to occur in children born in 1945 or later. There was a second, smaller jump, in those born after 1948.

Is it the A-bomb?

The findings of other researchers have tended to agree with Thomson's. Nobody knows the cause. It may have something to do with population movements, better food or better education in the widest sense.

Thomson himself thinks it may possibly have something to do with A-bomb fall-out stimulating the brain during the first eighteen months of life.

Whatever the reason, it will cause more and more parents to have the sort of surprise that six-year-old Brian Clarke sprang on his father.

It was around Christmas and he had been repeatedly unable to get the answer to a question. "I suppose," he said in exasperation, "that you will answer me on June 18." While his father was still wondering whether to be amused or angry, Brian added: "That will be on a Friday."

Unbelieving, his father consulted a calendar. Sure enough, June 18 fell on a Friday that year. To his amazement he found that Brian could tell him the day of the week for any date over a span of eight years. THE END

This is the way to start the New Year

LET me thank whoever it was who had the imagination to choose New Year's Eve for the celebration of the first services in the undercroft of the new Coventry Cathedral.

At New Year we all hope, and some of us even try, to rise up from our past and build anew. On the last night of the year I am always conscious of days wasted, of my life slipping away with so little worth while achieved. I find the thought of Coventry's watch-night service of dedication taking place then deeply moving and inspiring.

I saw Coventry on the morning of November 15, 1940, just after the Huns (that's the word for them) had done their damnable damage.

They had bombed the city from dusk to dawn; they were so pleased with their work that they coined a new word, *Coventrieren*, meaning "to destroy utterly," in their exaltation at having put out of action one of England's ancient and proudest cities.

The smell of death, the reek of burning, were everywhere in Coventry that morning.

It was early in the war; we had not supped full of horrors, and my spirits were at their lowest as I sadly picked my way among the twining serpents of firemen's hose.

I remember how my spirits soared when I did look up at last and saw that the tall, graceful spire of the Cathedral Church of St. Michael still stood, high and proud, above the clouds of dust and smoke from the dying fires.

Well, that was only eighteen years ago.

I know Basil Spence, the architect, who was entrusted with the work of building anew. He looks like a stained-glass, somewhat elongated, drooping-moustached version of Jimmy Edwards.

Spence was right

Not everybody approved of his plans. Spence was proposing to build in a modern way. I remember, when a model was first shown, someone saying that his cathedral was "a glass box as far removed from the usual conception of the House of God as is a greenhouse," and there were mutterings about "a super cinema."

But of course Spence was right in wanting to build a new cathedral in a new way. "They'll get used to it," I remember him saying. "Do you know, since St. Paul's was built there hasn't been a *modern* cathedral?"

Liverpool's two cathedrals that are a-building, though noble in conception, are hardly modern. As Spence says, "St. Paul's must have shocked people. Here was the first dome they had ever seen in London."

No doubt the live-in-the-past ninnies of that time went around muttering about "monstrous beehives" and cracking poor jokes about upturned pudding basins.

I see nothing surprising, nothing shocking, in an architect building to the glory of God in a contemporary way.

I hear no complaints about the clean, stark lines of modern refrigerators; we don't seem to mind cars with air-flow lines and gleaming chromium radiator grills that make them look like Japanese war lords smiling.

There's no reason that I can think of why a cathedral should not have walls made of glass and electrically operated doors.

We can build today with gleaming glass, concrete and steel, materials that make it possible for arches to soar and span in ways previously impossible. At least, we could build, and should build, in these materials and in these ways.

Those post offices!

But we don't, not often enough. We are still putting up buildings that are in preposterous fancy-dress. Hard-headed bankers still choose to conduct their business amid pompous pillars, in buildings floored with mock marble that looks like brawn. Our post offices too often are timidly "Georgian."

You may not believe it but I have seen, at a Cotswold petrol station, the petrol pumps ridiculously thatched over, as though they were some fairy-tale wishing well. Certainly let us have good manners when we intrude and build in ancient and lovely places, but thatch in a petrol station strikes me as both puerile and positively dangerous.

We don't want phoney copying, but if we must copy, let us copy the honesty and industry of earlier generations of builders.

In our old cathedrals the carvings that are high up, and nearly always unseen, are just as lovingly and carefully executed as those at eye level.

That is the spirit of honest workmanship to the glory of God in which Coventry's new cathedral is being built, too.

The Chapel of the Cross in the new undercroft was completed in time for these New Year services. The main walls rise up; it amazes me that the whole glorious project will, it is hoped, be completed by 1962.

I was delighted to hear that the first service of all, before the watch-night service and the celebration of Holy Communion on New Year's Day, was to be a special service for the masons, glaziers, carpenters, draughtsmen and architects who have built something beautiful where I, not twenty years ago, saw only ruins. The thought of them entering where they have built gladdens my heart. THE END

THE HOUR OF TRUTH by DENISE EGERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

IS MY HUSBAND A MURDERER?

HERE is what Adrian told me: That he was in Spain to find the missing jewels of Esteroca, hidden during the civil war—and restore them to the church. That Frant, who was trying to track him down, was a crook, and perhaps the murderer of the man who had hidden the jewels, Miguel Lorentes. . . .

This is what Frant told me: that he was a British business man, working with the police. That Adrian was to be arrested for the murder of Lorentes at a London flat.

One of these men was lying. Which? Frant, so kind, strong, gentle? Or Adrian, a brilliant, erratic composer—and my husband?

I was utterly bewildered. But I knew it was my duty to warn Adrian. I stopped his car on the mountan road from Esteroca. And he turned on me, livid with fury.

"You bloody little fool," he said. "It was you who put Frant on the track. You've bitched the whole damned thing."

And then he thrust into my hand a dirt-encrusted ring. The stone was the largest emerald I had ever seen.

PART THREE

ADRIAN said: "The rest are in the car. Bangles, necklaces, a diadem, pearls—the Crown Jewels aren't in it! I found them two weeks ago."

I looked at him, utterly bewildered. "Two weeks ago?" I said. "But you told me——"

"We planned to ship them out tonight, over to France. Cedric Sharne was arranging that side of it. And that's where you came into it. We didn't want to have any direct communication. We worked out a simple code, and that score of my Iberian Symphony that you brought from Cedric in Paris told me all I needed to know.

"Cedric has got the loan of a yacht from a pal of his who lives at Perpignan—the Calliope. He's due off Torrelevante at midnight. Tonight was to see the job finished."

My hand went up to my face. "Then you never meant to return the jewels to the church. . . ."

Adrian smiled at me, almost with pity. "My dear girl, don't be childish. Eighty thousand quids' worth of trinkets that nobody's seen for twenty years? Eighty thousand, even split three ways, isn't to be sneezed at."

GLEAMING, the emerald lay in my hand. I stared at it until it went grey, and my hand went grey—I felt rather than saw Adrian take it from me. He was still speaking, but I was deaf to his words. He said sharply: "Stacey!" And touched me.

I swung away and found myself running blindly, senselessly. There was nowhere to run to, it was futile; I had merely crossed from one side of the road to the other and was up against the rock face. My hands went out to it, and for a while I leaned against it. Presently I turned. Adrian was walking down to where his Spanish friend Juan still stood by the side of the car.

My husband is not only a liar, but a common thief. . . .

This was the bitter truth to which at last I must reconcile myself. And he had made use of me in his schemes—as a convenient go-between. I thought of how I had seen him working at the score I had brought him from Cedric—he had been deciphering Cedric's message. The notes Cedric had ringed . . . the slip of paper I had picked up from the floor . . . *Calliope, Torrelevante. . . .*

They were arguing down there; Juan's voice was harsh and sounded angry. He made some violent gesture. Adrian shrugged, then he started climbing towards me again. He said: "Well, are you coming? Juan's getting impatient. We don't want to spend the night here."

"Where are you going?" I said dully.

"Down to Torrelevante. Frant can't know about the Calliope. We've got to take the risk. Look, Stacey, I know this has been a shock." Some kind of spasm went over his face as he stared at me. "But get this straight: I didn't kill Lorentes."

"Who did?" I said.

He hesitated. "It was an accident."

"So you know how it happened?"

"Yes, I know. And I'll tell you. But not now—it'll take too long. We've no time to lose."

I looked at him, and he was a stranger.

He took me by the arm. In silence I went with him. The car, I saw now, was the one in which we had driven from Barcelona. Juan smiled at me as we came up. "A fortunate meeting, señora," he said.

I didn't answer. I got into the back and Adrian followed me. I had to manoeuvre my legs out of the way of the two baskets of lettuces which took up most of the floor space.

I sat rigidly, my hands clasped tightly on my lap, while Juan put the car into gear and we swung and dropped, down and down. I knew what was underneath the lettuces.

Eighty thousand split three ways. So there were three of them in it—Adrian, Juan and Cedric Sharne. Which of them had killed Lorentes? Could it have been Adrian?

"He won't get away." Frant had said it quietly, with compassion even, simply as a statement of fact. I did not want to think of Frant, but the picture of him was there in my mind.

ON the floor at my feet the baskets slithered and jerked with the swerving violence of our speed. The car was swaying from side to side, at one moment almost grazing the soaring rock wall on our right and the next perilously skimming the brink of a chasm.

We zigzagged through a medieval-looking village. Some few minutes beyond it the road ran level for two or three hundred yards. Then it began to climb. The engine made a harsh, grating noise and the speed slackened. Juan crashed the gears with a rasp that jagged the nerves, and we jolted forward with uneasy bounds, the engine alternately roaring and coughing. Then it spluttered and died.

Juan got out, slamming the door of the driver's seat, and went round to the front. He opened the bonnet. After a moment he straightened, brought out a cigarette from the pocket of his corduroy trousers and lit it, blowing smoke into the still air and reflectively rubbing the back of his neck. Adrian got out himself and went up to him.

"Es importante?" he said grimly.

Juan shrugged again. They stood for a while, speaking in Spanish, arguing. Juan made an angry gesture. *"No fué culpa mia,"* he said.

"Puede arreglarla?"

"No sé." He came up and opened the door beside me. "I am sorry, señora, I will have to disturb you. If you would not mind to get out for a while."

I obeyed, and he moved the two baskets on to the seat and began lifting the floorboards. I walked away along the road. They were still talking. There was a metallic clang of tools. Then Adrian left Juan and joined me.

Presently, Juan shouted: "It's okay I think I fix him. Ten minutes only!"

I didn't take much notice. I was standing at the roadside looking out over the valley. I didn't want to talk to Adrian. Suddenly I heard him swear. I looked round and saw him running down the road.

Juan had started up the car and was back in the driver's seat, and, as Adrian raced towards it, it moved forward. Adrian drew level with a furious spurt and leaped on to the running board. I saw Juan strike out at him. The car swerved madly. Juan's arm came out again, and then a sharp bend hid them from my sight.

I ran after the car, half-consciously listening for the terror that came a minute or two later. It wasn't loud: just a tearing sound, dulled by distance. Then a sullen reverberation, like thunder very far away. And after that, silence.

I stopped, frozen with horror, my legs trembling so much that they would carry me no farther. Somehow at last I forced myself on again, with the grey, empty road curving and curving again, and nothing to be seen and nothing now to be heard.

Another corner, and the grey ribbon coiling down, still barren, washed in purple dusk. To one side of it, something white and square: a notice-board. I strained my smarting eyes. PELIGRO! Danger. . . .

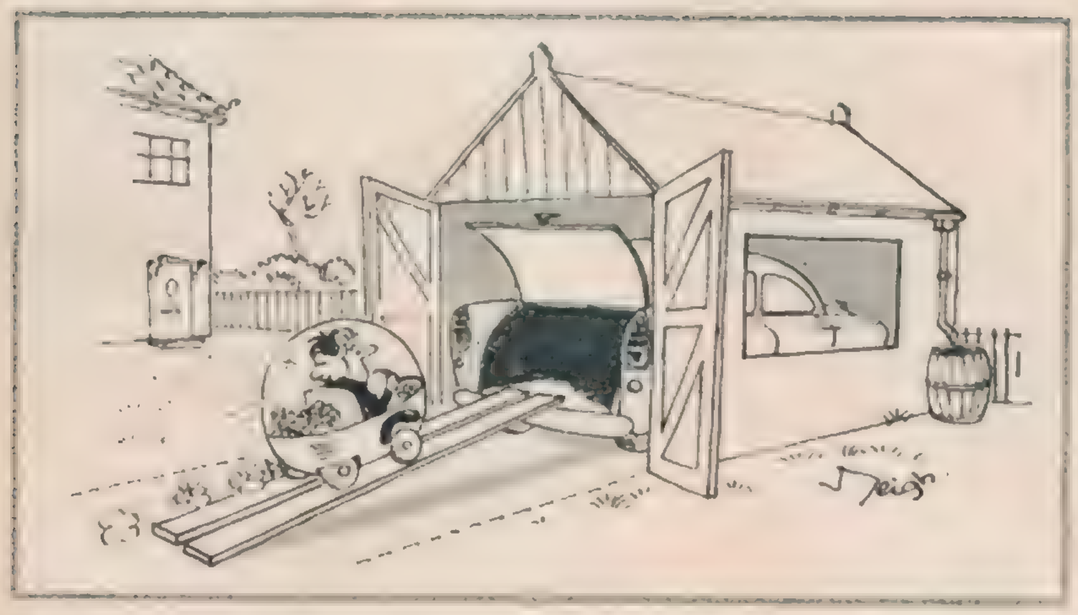
I started to run once more, but my feet dragged as though I were half-paralysed, and every few moments I had to pause. I could make out a low stone parapet. There was a gap in it and some of the stones were strewn over the road.

WHEN I reached it, I could see the tyre marks where the car had gone over.

Below the parapet was a rocky chasm clothed with shrubs, plunging down. There was no sign of the car except for the gash it had torn through the greenery. Bushes of bright yellow broom lay uprooted and two small fir trees slanted at a grotesque angle.

Nothing stirred; there was no sound. I peered down through a blind mist of

Already I knew Adrian was a liar and a thief. Now he lay injured among the very jewels for which Lorentes had been killed



The hour of truth

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horror, half choked by the frantic drumming of my heart. As I leaned forward against the parapet, part of the stone under my hand shifted and broke away. I recoiled in panic, groping for a safer hold, and watched the loosened mass hurtle downwards, bounce twice off a bastion of rock and vanish into the tangled growth of bushes.

I stared at the spot where it had disappeared. I could see the sole of a man's shoe. The sole, and part of the side. The thonged brown leather of Adrian's sandal.

I got through the gap and slithered down the rubble of the slope. My skirt billowed round me and caught on a thorn bush. I tore it free; the loose scree under my foot gave way and I slid half a dozen yards. I let myself slide again until my feet brought up against a great boulder. Here the rock levelled, and I could stand upright.

Adrian lay face downwards under the broom, his hands outstretched beyond his head as if they had been clutching at something to break his fall. His body was motionless, his eyes closed.

I caught at his shoulders, in an effort to turn him, and some flicker of consciousness passed across his face, a tremor of his thick black lashes, a twist of pain at the corner of his mouth. A few seconds later I felt a sense of response in the dead weight of his body and his eyes came open and wandered over my face. They looked unfocused, without comprehension. Then they cleared and hardened. He said: "What happened?"

"The car must have crashed over the parapet. I can't even see it. It's . . . down there somewhere."

He took his head in his hands, shaking it slowly, frowning. "Don't seem to remember. The swine started to move off . . . tried to pull a fast one, the dirty rat." He shut his eyes and opened them very wide again. He said: "I'm all right. Give me a hand."

He gripped my wrist and dragged himself to his feet and stood swaying.

I swallowed. "You'd better rest. . . ."

"I tell you I'm all *right*." He moistened his lips. "We've got to get down to the car . . . where's my shoe?"

"I saw it up there—it must have come off as you fell. I'll get it," I said. "And we'll have to fetch help. Maybe I can get back to the village. Juan. . . ."

"*No!*" The word came fiercely. "This is something we must do on our own."

"We can't!" I protested. "Not in the state you're in. And Juan may be still alive——"

"That's his bad luck. Get my shoe."

When I had found his sandal, he squatted to put it on. There was a thin mist of sweat on his face and once his head jerked back with some uncontrollable spasm of agony. Then he started to move cautiously down the slope. I realized with a sudden dull sense of chill that it wasn't any concern for Juan's fate that was driving him.

Sliding, groaning and cursing as he went, he made his way down with grim determination. I followed because I did not know what else to do, fighting off the brushwood that slashed at my face and caught in my hair. I could hear the scuffle and crash of his movements.

Then his voice came back, jerky and triumphant.

"I can see it!" he shouted.

Below me I could trace his progress by the trembling of the foliage and a momentary glimpse of his shirt through a gap in the leaves. Then suddenly the bushes thinned and I found myself in the open and standing on a level platform of bare rock from which fell a series of terraces. Adrian was two terraces lower, staring at the car which was on its side in a gully, crumpled like an old black hat.

Then he sat down on the ledge, put his legs over and let himself drop, reeled and clung to the rock to steady himself. I could hear his harsh, gasping breath before he recovered.

He was out of my sight again then for a few minutes and when I next saw him he was moving crabwise across to the car. My throat was dry and aching as I watched him, saw him slip, stagger to his feet, and eventually reach it. He took a quick glance inside, and then began looking round at the ground, stooping, groping over it.

"Adrian . . ." I started to climb down after him. "Is he——"

"He's dead—still sitting there with the steering wheel smashed through him."

"Oh God, how ghastly. . . ."

Adrian said: "He asked for it. If he hadn't tried a double-cross, it wouldn't have happened." He paused, gasping, staring around him. "We've got to find them, quickly . . . before the light goes. You've got sharp eyes, Stacey. Use them. What's that by your feet?"

I bent mechanically. "Glass," I said. "It's broken glass, that's all."

"No, not that, stupid. To the right . . . now a bit forward, just short of the crevice."

A bracelet. I picked it up. The gold was twisted and broken, but the rubies with which it was set glowed with richness, six great red drops and a scatter of smaller ones.

They might have been drops of blood splashed upon my hand. . . .

It was too dark to search any more, too dark to move. Adrian crouched over the pile of jewellery we had made, fingering the pieces blindly.

"I think that's the lot." His voice was thin and shaken with fatigue. "Wait a minute . . . there should be another pendant—opals and silver gilt. We'll have to check as soon as it gets light." His hand groped out and touched my shoulder. "We'll have to stay here, you know—we'll only break our necks if we try to move. You're not frightened, are you?"

"No," I said. "I'm not frightened."

"You're shivering."

"How are we going to get out of this, Adrian? How are we going to get them back to Esteroca?"

"Back—to Esteroca? You're not still harping on that?" A choking sound broke from him. "Don't make me

continued on page 34

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by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

Riviera sun, mountain snow, a river cruise or country walks . . . there's a welcome waiting for you. Make your choice now; it won't cost a fortune

In April, 1945, I was driven by a soldier of the Royal Engineers from Assisi to Rome. We passed the ruins of towns and villages and bridges, but I hardly saw them. I sat enthralled by the wonder of the landscape. We ate a picnic lunch of bully beef, cheese, apples and a brew-up — for my driver had been a Desert Rat — beside a glittering lake.

Then as we pulled into Rome at nightfall the driver sighed. "Rome," he said sadly. "What wouldn't I give to be back in Sauchiehall Street!"

In peace as in war it does not do to stay too long in one place. Everybody needs a change of country now and again. I am pretty sure that today, as he ploughs through the wet streets of Glasgow on a wintry day, that soldier is thinking: *What wouldn't I give to be back in Rome, with the sun splashing on the Trevi fountain.*

Spring is the loveliest travel season. Of all the places I have visited in April, May and June I can think of few that are not at their best during these months. In the hot, sunny south spring is supreme.

For an April-May holiday the Italian coast around Sorrento, the shores of Sicily, the Byronic coast in the neighbourhood of Forte de Marmi cannot be bettered. Rome, too, when the flower-sellers beneath the Spanish steps sell tight little bunches of early roses, and the whole of that majestic city is lit with the first touch of the summer sun.

If you visit famous holiday areas, the French and Italian Rivieras, the Costa Brava of Spain, the lakeside resorts of Switzerland in late May or June, you will be more than repaid. You will find fewer people, more space, lower prices and a sun as hot as most of us northerners like.

Which brings me to school holidays. Those of you who have children whose serious education has begun must stick to school holidays for your own "time-off" and that is that. But I would not call all education serious. I would not apply that adjective in the case of a four-year-old who has been sent to a kindergarten for what might be described as occupational therapy. If parents of such youngsters felt that the advantages of taking an early holiday outweighed the disadvantages I would not blame them.

The climate of the northern Channel coast of Brittany is not unlike that of our own south coast, which means it is not always altogether reliable. But the advantages of seeing that heavenly country in June, with the younger children, are enormous. I travelled the whole of the Brittany coast in June, 1957, and it was baking hot all the time—but hot with the fresh, crisp saltiness of the north that never enervates, never becomes *too* much.

I visited many hotels, searching for good ones, and in every case I could have arrived out of the blue and found rooms for a family of six or more. Mind you, I don't recommend arriving out of the blue with six youngsters, but I proved that you get the best treatment in spring. The staff are not run off their feet, the beaches are uncrowded and prices are much cheaper.

Touring at Easter

The southern coast of Brittany is different. Places like Pont-Aven are famed for their out-of-season climates, and in April and May a motoring holiday in that area should be good fun. And if, one year, with older children you are considering making your splash during the Easter holidays, you might think about the French Basque coast, with the nearby Pyrenees for exciting excursions, or the lovely, pine-fringed sands of Arcachon.

Majorca, too, is *much* more pleasant, in my opinion, in spring or early summer than it is when the crowds begin to pour in about the middle of July. That also goes for the most southerly stretch of the Spanish Mediterranean coast, known as the Costa de Sol, between Gibraltar and Malaga. But if you plan to fly, say, to Gibraltar and then make for Marbella or Torremolinos, try to do it in June. Incidentally, if you enjoy the sea viewed from an ocean liner, you could travel as far as Gibraltar in a big ship heading, perhaps, for Australia. The tourist fare is about £16.

May and June are the months in which to search for the lovely Alpine flowers of Switzerland, Austria and the Italian Dolomites. And for those who thrive in mountain air that gives an appetite for delicious simple foods, rich cream, milk, cheeses and home-baking, June in an Alpine village is hard to beat.

A journey down the Dalmatian coast, starting from Venice and travelling as far as Dubrovnik, where you could stop for a few days, is another splendid form of June holiday. So, too, is a cruise along the Dutch canals and down the Rhine, or a canoeing holiday on the Moselle. Those who have an interest in horticulture would be wise to ask the Netherlands Tourist Office in London when the bulbfields will be at their best.

Venice in June—Venice at any time, come to that—is delightful. But it is at its loveliest when summer has first fallen on the narrow streets, the piazzas and the crowded canals, sharply dividing light from shade.

In Austria, the great lakes round Salzburg are, to my mind, at their best then, too; so are the fjords of Norway, especially the Hardanger Fjord, whose beauties in late May and in early June, when the blossom swirls from the orchards, are entrancing. Nor shall I forget Bruges in April, in daffodil time, nor Stockholm waking from its long winter, stretching its limbs in the first brilliant sun of early summer.

I do not think there is a place in Britain which is commonplace in spring. Go north, go south, go east, go west . . . to Scotland, to see the Shetland Islands at the time of the midnight sun; to our west country in April or May, when the violets mix with primroses beside the lanes in the soft undergrowth of little copses; to those gentle counties of Herefordshire and Shropshire, where early summer fills the landscape with a freshness that is to the city dweller as comforting as a long drink on a grilling day.

Sailing on the Broads

May and June are the months in which to take your holiday on the Norfolk Broads. You will have more "elbow room" and pay less. Robin Hood's Bay—the gardens of Bournemouth, the noble streets of Edinburgh, the gorgeous, wholly unspoilt coastline of great stretches of Wales—the choice is all yours.

I must mention Eire, too; for I discovered it only last year and I was captivated. If your object on holiday is to get away from crowds, to find long, sweeping sandy bays where the sea breaks over rocky pools, to see white cottages standing somnolent beneath great mountains, to fish, to ride, to potter about, to play golf, to laugh, perhaps, as you have never laughed before: then book a ticket for Connemara or for Kerry.

Here the hotels, either simple little places for the family or beautiful old country houses set in their own grounds, are all cheap. Last year I found one at Renvyle, in Connemara, which I thought wonderful for children; it had *everything*, including a landscape that took the breath away and donkeys for the youngsters.

Another, in Kerry, owned by nice

continued on next page

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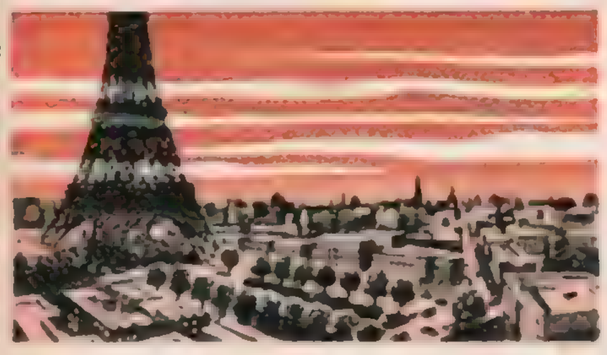

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people, has absolutely delicious food, is about a mile from a fine strand of sand, and has its own excellent trout fishing for good measure.

I was there in June, but if you are a fisherman go to Corrib in May, when the mayfly is hatching, and if you fail to get a trout that weighs more than a couple of pounds, the friendly proprietor of the fishing inn in Oughterard, where I stayed, will shake his head sadly, and say times are not what they were.

To sum up, if you take your holiday in April, May or June, it is difficult to go wrong. If you have children, I would make a special plea for the Belgian coast, which consists of forty miles of sand, and a dozen seaside towns, large and small, where nearly all the hotels are bang on the shore and *all* welcome the family party.

So to summer—full summer, the months of July, August and September. I have already stressed the advantages of avoiding these peak rush periods, but there is hope even for those for whom August to September are "musts." The Continental pattern of school holidays and summer holidays is different from ours.

Outside Scandinavia, the holidays are generally shorter. Throughout most of Continental Europe, the exodus to the coast, the mountains, the lakes or the countryside gets under way smartly around the end of the third week in July. Equally smartly, the rush back home takes place at the end of August; that leaves a bit of space in September for British families when prices are often lower.

There is a snag in renting houses or flats—and that, in view of taxes and rising prices, is an increasingly popular way to holiday among fathers

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of large families. After all, they don't do the cooking and the cleaning. But let us be fair. Many do help, and if two families join together (as they often do) and deal with the chores on a day-on day-off basis, relief is provided all round.

The snag concerns the length of the rental; most owners will rent furnished accommodation only for the full summer season—about six weeks. They are not interested in the shorter, two-to-three week lets that a British family wants. The solution is to find one or two friends willing to join in, and arrange for each to take over occupation for a given period.

If you want the name of a reliable agent in the resort of your choice, write first to the National Tourist Office in London of the country concerned (look it up in a telephone directory or ask JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED). Say what you want, and you will be told to whom you should make further application. In the case of France, for example, you should write to the Syndicat d'Initiative of the town concerned, for a list of recommended agents.

The same advice applies to those who want to rent holiday accommodation in Britain. If you don't know how to find an agent in the resort you have chosen, write to the publicity manager or the town clerk. Address both c/o the town hall.

Incidentally, a well-established Dutch firm, specializing in the rental of furnished chalets all over Europe, has appointed a London agent. The address can be had on application to JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED.

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I have had lovely Septembers in Scotland and throughout Lakeland when the leaves take on the first faint trace of autumn. Also in the Cotswolds, drinking good beer in an inn garden banked with great clumps of Michaelmas daisies, and in Norfolk, when the big pike start moving through the reeds.

Which reminds me of Ulster. The lakes there are *stuffed* with fish; and if you have a fancy to bring in a vast bag of pike, you could not do better than take yourself in September to one of its little fishing inns, where you will find good, solid food, good company, good fishing talk, and a kindly welcome.

Or, if it must be August, again why not Ulster? For those who live in the north country it is an easy journey. In Ulster you will find prices fair and a wide range of lovely scenery.

Having said all that, when I think of August I think of our own big seaside towns. That is where the millions go. Can the millions be wrong? These resorts lie strung out around the whole perimeter of our coast.

The picture they bring to mind is familiar enough, and none the worse for it. The pier, the shilling for the lighthouse, the boatmen, the children messing about in the sea, the sands, the seaweed, the dodg'ems, the lights at night, the Punch and Judy, the concert party, the "mystery coach

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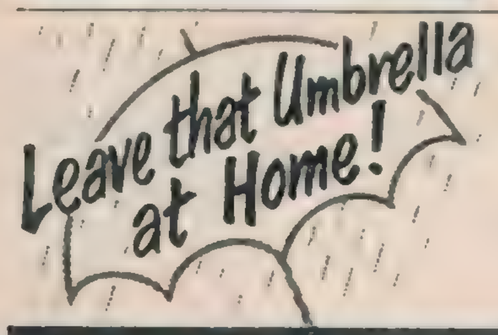

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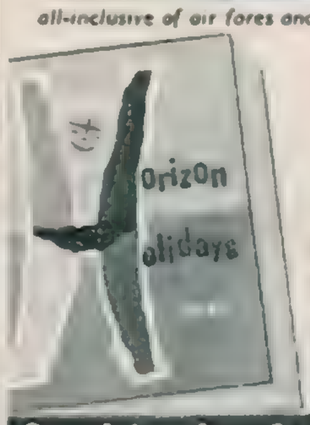

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Neuchâtel in Switzerland—is also first-rate for autumn walking. But if you want a warm sun, then, by October, you must head farther south.

On the Coast of Sun—from Gibraltar to Malaga—summer lingers until late in the year. Malaga claims it has the best winter climate in Europe, though Alicante, farther north up the Mediterranean coast, would dispute this. Both are good bets for autumn sun, and you should enjoy the little resorts on the way to Valencia, too; Benidorm, for example, should be worth trying in October.

Can you imagine wine that tastes, faintly, of carnations? You think it sounds horrible? So did I. But this wine, which is produced near Benidorm, is delicious. Another speciality of the region—though maybe it is more a speciality of Spain than of Alicante and Valencia—are huge and lovely paper fire balloons which the Spaniards send up in hundreds at every fiesta.

For late autumn, November and December, I would suggest a big town—Paris, Amsterdam, Rome, Vienna, Florence or Lisbon.

Lisbon? Yes, try Portugal in autumn. In the southern province of the Algarve you will be warm. In Lisbon you will find enough places of interest to keep you happy for weeks and, when the sun shines, you can get to Estoril or Cascais in half an hour to find yourself back in summer.

Then there is Tangiers, easily reached from Gibraltar. It is one of my favourite towns. Sulky, Arabian, flower - filled, ever - changing, it genuinely qualifies for a good, hackneyed cliché, mysterious.

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continued on next page

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winter holiday in Tangiers; nor in Morocco. One agent is offering reasonably priced air-charter fifteen-day holidays there. Air-charter has also made Greece and Turkey possible for what is now known as the "small budget." For about £70 you can go to these lovely countries for a holiday that would cost you £170 if you set about doing it yourself. In fact, I think these air tours are about the biggest holiday bargain you can have.

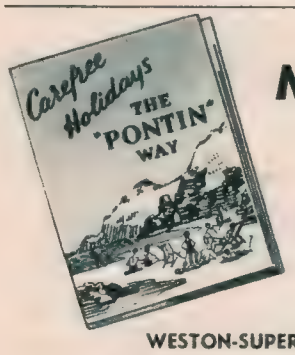
The January, February, March season interests two categories of traveller: those who welcome winter for the pleasures it brings and those who wish only to escape from it, either in its entirety or for a brief spell.

In the first category come the winter-sporters; the types who live in summer only for the return of snow to the high places; who never feel so alive or so exultant as when they stand on the top of a scintillating ski-run, waiting, poised, for the moment of descent.

Today, improved communications and the sound spade-work of travel agents have changed winter sports holidays from being the prerogative of the rich and have brought them down to a more popular level.

For well under £30, one agent will fly you to a village in the Austrian Tyrol and keep you there for a fortnight, throwing in tips and the services of a courier. Don't dare tell me ski-ing's a rich man's sport.

Again, if you don't want to be in a party (though I cannot see why—there is nothing "over-organized" in the ski-ing party) another agent can make individual arrangements for a fifteen-day holiday in a variety of Tyrolean centres for under £30. Here



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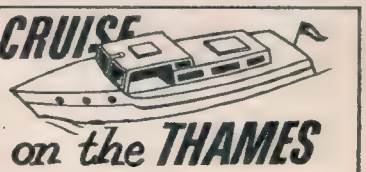
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January is the bargain month. That may seem strange, but it is so. Most resorts fill up over Christmas and the first week in January; then Continental schoolchildren go back to the grindstone, and there is a lull until the ardent, expert skiers turn up in their droves in February. Then up go the prices again. But between the Christmas rush and the February rush hoteliers offer attractive rates.

Why should February bring out the experts? For one thing, snow varies. Reports already received indicate that this is going to be an early-snow winter. But it is not always so—it was not in 1958.

Once a bride, blinded by love, agreed for the sake of her sports-enthusiast husband to put herself on skis, though she regarded them with distrust and anguish. They went to a well-known resort for Christmas, where she found she could wander over the ski terrain searching for Alpine flora. This was fine for her, but what her husband said is another matter.

Go high for Christmas is the rule, but by February excellent snow, in good condition, is pretty well guaranteed in all resorts, high or low, and that is why experts like February. Plus the fact that by then the days are drawing out and there is more sun, allowing for more hours on the slopes.

When you are choosing a ski-ing centre, go into these matters: How high is it? For Christmas, choose something well over 4,000 feet—at 6,000 feet you will find yourself well-pleased. Which way do the ski-ing terrains face—north or south? On that will depend how much sun you

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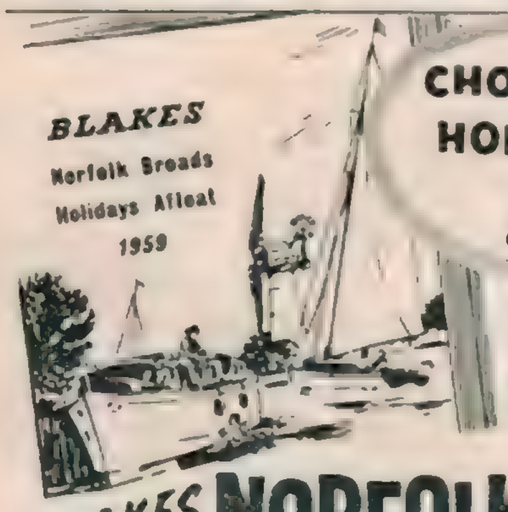

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get. Is the village in a narrow valley? If it is, it will lose the sun early in the afternoon, though its ski-slopes are wide and open and catch plenty of sun. Is the village near a main transport centre? If it is, you will lose less of your precious holiday-time getting to it.

Good agents play fair in their brochures; they give you most of the information you want in them, and will gladly fill in any gaps if you ask. Agents who specialize in ski-ing holidays know how important these matters are. I have just been ruffling through a massive brochure that gives everything—the heights of each resort, its features, snow-fields, the lot.

Remember the good agent knows that if he pleases you once you will come back again. He does not want to rifle your pocket in 1959 and know you will never go to him again. He wants you to tell your friends he is first-class, so he will not willingly send you somewhere unsuitable.

Scandinavian ski-ing reaches its peak about February, and in Norway it is extremely cheap. High altitude ski-ing is possible, for example, above Zermatt in Switzerland and Cervinia in Italy in spring. I have seen people ski-ing in both places in mid-summer. But it is for experts only. If you are a novice, don't be tempted by the lure of the glaciers.

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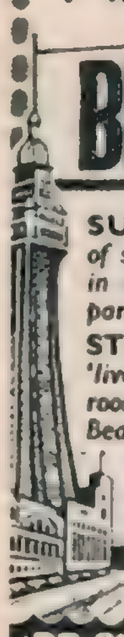

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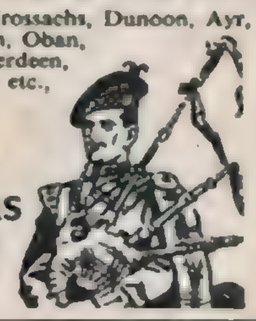

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KEEP THEM FOR REFERENCE

The hour of truth

continued from page 22

laugh . . . and I mean that, I can't stand it, it hurts my side. I think I must have cracked some ribs."

"We've *got to* take them back," I said desperately. "Oh, don't you understand? It's the only chance we've got of clearing ourselves. I told Frant you were looking for the jewels in order to return them to the church. . . ."

Adrian just laughed at me. It was a horrible sound. He said.: "Don't kid yourself. We've gone past the point of no return, Stacey. It's too late. Besides, what would we tell Cedric?"

"Why should we tell Cedric anything?"

"Because Cedric is an important shareholder in this concern. He financed it. How do you suppose I've managed to exist these past six weeks?"

"You told me your Aunt Isabel——"

"I've not seen Aunt Isabel for four years," he said flatly.

I said nothing. There was no shock now, no feeling of any kind, except perhaps one of utter hopelessness.

ADRIAN was speaking again. "And, of course," he said, "Cedric is our exit ticket."

"How do you mean?"

"There'll be no way out for either of us at Barcelona airport, or any other Spanish port. Somehow we've got to get down to Torrelevante and on board the Calliope. When I don't show up tonight, Cedric will know something's wrong. Let's hope he'll have the sense to hang about . . . for another . . . day or two."

The last words came jerkily. I said: "You're hurt, aren't you? Is it your ribs?"

"I'm stiff . . . bruised, that's all."

"Suppose we can't make it?"

"We've got to."

"And—afterwards?"

"What?" he sounded vague, almost as though he hadn't heard me. "Oh, you mean . . . after we've got away? Don't worry. It won't be so bad. I'll see you don't come to any harm. Maybe we'll stay in Perpignan for a bit. You'll like that. Sit down. We may as well . . . make ourselves comfortable. It's going to be a long night."

I was too tired to think any more, or even to be afraid.

It was never completely dark, for the sky above us was bright with stars. Against it the mountains towered in solid blackness; sometimes I would stare at them until they appeared to be moving. They were a mighty black wall which was slowly tilting towards us and which would finally crash down and obliterate us. I would close my eyes to shut it out, and pass into some state on the borderline of sleep.

But whenever I awoke, I could hear Adrian moving restlessly and moaning.

At last the light strengthened, and presently I could see everything: rocks, shrubs, the crumpled wreckage of the black car, the subdued gleam of silver and gold and precious stones. And the high, bright flush of Adrian's face.

I had to get help to him. I decided to make for the village we'd passed through just before the car had broken down. But first I had to climb back to the road. And before I attempted it there was one other thing I must do. . . .

IT must have taken me nearly an hour to reach the point where I had first found Adrian lying unconscious. Looking down I could not see where I had left him; the thick scrubby fir trees hid him from me. And I could not see the parapet of the road; I was blind and lost in a dwarf forest.

Then I heard, unmistakably, the sound of a car.

I cried out. At least I tried to cry out, but it was a thin little moan that broke and was lost among the bushes. The car must have passed already, for everything was silent again. But then, suddenly, there were footsteps on the concealed road above me. Men's voices.

I cried out again, and this time there was an answering shout. I scrambled higher. There was a rustling in the bushes above me. A stone came bouncing down and buried itself in the undergrowth. Then, startlingly, the branches ahead of me parted and a man's face stared through.

"Here!" I shouted. "I'm here!" I started to clamber towards him.

My foot must have slipped, or the stone under it tilted, and I fell. I seemed to go on dropping for an eternity. Something scored my face, there was a stunning blow on the side of my head. And, after that, nothing.

WHEN I woke, I was staring at a bare whitewashed wall. My head was throbbing and, when I lifted my hand to it, I felt a square of plaster above my temple. There was a bandage on my arm. Frant was at the bedside.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Hallo!" I said faintly.

He drew up a little stool and sat down beside me. "I was prepared for you to be out for another couple of hours. How do you feel?"

"I don't know," I said. I shut my eyes, but when I opened them again he was still there, watching me with anxious patience. And I said at last: "You . . . get about, don't you?"

He nodded. He said gently: "Yes. I get about."

An old woman came in with a cup in her hands. Frant took it from her. "This might help. It's only water." He steadied it with his hand over mine as I took a few sips. "You remember what happened? The accident was reported to the police at Tarragona with a description of an English girl who presumably had been one of the passengers in the wrecked car. They got on to me because they thought I might be able to identify you. That's how I'm here."

I gave the cup back to him. I said dazedly: "Where is Adrian?"

He stared at me. "Isn't that something I might have been expected to ask you?"

I did not understand. I said: "But . . . didn't they bring him here?"

Frant was frowning; his grey eyes lifted suddenly under the dark line of his brows. He said: "There's been a search party out looking for him. So far, they've had no luck."

I raised a hand to the plaster on my head. "But he was injured," I said urgently. "I think he had some broken ribs. We were out there all night. He was unconscious—delirious. As soon as it was daylight, I started to go for help. I was afraid he'd die. . . ."

HOLIDAYS—2

Holidays should be like this,
Free from over-emphasis,
Time for soul to stretch and spit
Before the world comes back
on it.

Louis MacNeice

I fell silent. It had taken me a long time to climb from where we had spent the night to the spot I had reached when the men found me. Could Adrian have recovered in that interval and moved, concealing himself perhaps somewhere among the shrubs?

Frant said quietly: "I'm not here to badger you, Stacey. But I'm afraid you will have to answer some questions. A man has been killed in this accident and the police will want to know exactly how it occurred. They have been waiting until you were able to tell them. . . ."

I dressed and sat in the living-room of the cottage while the policeman—a spruce man of about forty called Rodriquez—asked me questions, with Frant acting as interpreter.

I framed my answers carefully. "My husband had a message," I said. "An Englishman wanted to see him in Barcelona. We were on our way there when the accident occurred."

Rodriquez wanted all kinds of details. When he had thanked me and left, Frant and I sat in silence. I thought of Adrian, wondering how far he had managed to get. Had he gone down into the gorge, making his way along the stream among the oleanders? He had experience of that type of country. Maybe he was lying up under a ledge of rock somewhere.

I said: "What happens now?"

Frant answered gently: "That'll depend, won't it?"

"On what?"

"Whether they find him. Or do you reckon he's got clear of the neighbourhood altogether? How many hours did you allow him before you raised the alarm?"

I turned to him. "What I told you was the truth, every word of it."

Frant sighed. "Listen, my dear, you don't have to keep up the act with me. I know too much." His chair rasped on the stone floor as he rose. "Do you want me to tell you how it really was?"

I drew a deep, furious breath. I said: "Yes—go on. Tell me."

"In the first place, your husband was not injured at all. You got down to the wreck—one, or both of you. Juan was dead—or dying. It was then agreed that your husband should make his escape alone—with the merchandise."

"Merchandise?"

Frant put his hand in his pocket and drew something out. "I found this near the wreck. I imagine he dropped it."

He laid on the table a pendant fashioned of opals in a setting of silver gilt. . . .

There should be another pendant, Adrian had said. Opals and silver gilt. This was it. The rainbow fire of the stones gleamed dully.

I said at last: "Opals—they always say they're unlucky."

There was a bleakness in Frant's face. He picked the pendant up again, wrapped it in a handkerchief and returned it to his pocket. He said: "Look, Stacey, all this is off the record. I've no official standing—you understand that, don't you? If, when the time comes, you choose to say that you've never seen the thing before, I shan't take you up on it."

I stared at him a moment. I said dully: "All I did was answer Rodriquez's questions, as far as I was able. I didn't tell him about the jewels. I thought that if we put them back, if we returned them. . . ." I stopped, fighting off the faintness that was still hovering over me. "We found them, all except the pendant, and by then it was too dark to see. I forgot about it this morning, when I hid the rest. I was worried about Adrian. I thought. . . ."

RODRIQUEZ reappeared in the doorway. Frant said quietly: "Just a minute."

He went outside with Rodriquez. I was alone, and it was very quiet. I had a violent, overwhelming desire for sleep. The warmth of the room, the silence, and my own exhaustion seemed to shut out the world.

I started when Frant touched me on the arm. I might have been asleep for an hour.

"Sorry. . . ." His voice sounded a little thick. "I'm sorry, Stacey. I didn't mean to startle you. Do you feel ill?"

"Oh no, I'm all right." I sat up determinedly. "What did Rodriquez want?"

"The searchers have given up. They're certain he's not anywhere there in the ravine."

"He's got away, then."

"It looks like it."

"What will they do with me?"

"Nothing." He sat down facing me. "What did you suppose they were going to do?"

"You mean I'm free—to walk out of here? To go where I please?"

"Within limits." Frant was lighting a cigarette. "Not to leave Spain for the time being. A matter of formality, you understand, until this accident case has been cleared up. I've given Rodriquez an undertaking that you will be available if necessary at the official inquiry."

I got up unsteadily and walked to the open doorway. The heat and the light blazed up at me; the high rocks soaring behind the tawny houses of the village were bleached and quivering in

"Frankly, I shan't be sorry when it thaws"

it. I could step out into the scorching sunlight and no one would stop me. I could go . . . but where could I go?

Frant spoke at my shoulder. "Stacey," he said, "you told me you hid them. What did you mean?"

"I hid them behind some rocks. Adrian was still unconscious; at least, I thought so . . . perhaps he was watching me?" I smiled rather crookedly. "Anyway, he couldn't possibly have taken them all. Besides the jewels, there was quite a lot of big stuff—a monstrance, a chalice of gold. . . ."

"Were they all in the car?"

"Yes. Packed in two baskets, with some lettuce on the top. When the car went over . . . is this still off the record?"

"It's still off the record."

I said: "When the car went over, the jewels were scattered over the mountainside. We collected them and spread them out on a rock, and then we sat down to wait for the daylight. I was frightened and imagined Adrian was going to die. But I couldn't risk

HOLIDAYS—3

The world is a great book, and those who do not travel read only one page.

St. Augustine

anyone coming and finding the jewels spread out like that, so I hunted for the two baskets and put them back in and hid them."

After a second Frant took my wrist in his hand. "Then they should still be there," he said.

"There's a way of finding out, isn't there?" I moved my wrist and he let it go. "The sooner they're put back——"

"It can't *matter*, Stacey. It can't alter anything. The very fact that he had them is good enough."

"Good enough for what? Good enough to hang him? Well, you're wrong . . . you're wrong. . . ."

Frant said: "I'm neither judge nor jury and have no wish to be. But I promise you this—if he is innocent and I can help you to prove it, nothing would give me greater pleasure. This isn't a personal thing, Stacey. I'm out to see the murderer of Lorentes pay for his crime and nothing'll budge me on that—but it's not going to give me any satisfaction to have the guilt pinned on your husband. As a matter of fact, it's very much the reverse."

He smiled rather wryly. "You can work that out whichever way you like. Meanwhile, there's nothing to keep us here any longer. Where am I to take you? And there are no strings this time."

I had a blank, lost feeling. I could go anywhere I liked, except out of Spain, and there was nowhere I wanted to go. There were implications beneath Frant's words and the way he now caught my hands that moved and disturbed me, and I did not want to be moved. I was not even any longer concerned over Adrian's safety. He would make out, somehow. He didn't need me or my help.

FRANT was still holding my hands. "There's somebody who wants very much to meet you," he said. "Your husband's aunt—Doña Isabel Pertegaz. Shall I take you to her? You'd be welcome."

I said in confusion: "Oh, no—please, I couldn't possibly. Not until. . . . Will the police have left the gorge yet?"

"I should imagine so." His eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Why?"

"Then I can get them—the jewels. I'll worry about what's to become of me later."

Frant said roughly: "Are you crazy? You're scarcely fit to be on your feet and you hid the damned things halfway down the ravine—am I right? They'll have to stay where they are, since only you know where that is."

I said: "I've got to find them. And, if I find them, I've got to get them back where they belong. Until then I feel . . . unclean. Can't you understand? They were the things Miguel Lorentes died for, weren't they?"

Frant looked at me. His face was inscrutable and for once he had no answer.

DOWN in the gorge we found the jewels intact, just as I had thrust them down in the cleft behind a slanting slab of rock. Silver and gold, crystal and precious stones, they gleamed with a wan, faded richness in the brilliance of the afternoon sunlight as we hauled the baskets out and set them on a rocky ledge.

Across them Frant's eyes lifted to mine. "I'm sorry, Stacey," he said. "I don't think I really expected this."

I said: "No, I know. They're all there, I think, except for the pendant you've already got."

He picked up a crucifix. He studied it, handling it with reverence. After a while he said: "What do you want me to do?"

I looked at him. "Can we take them back—right away?"

"To Esteroca? To the church?"

"That way . . . some of the debt will be paid."

"Look, Stacey——" he sank back on his heels, rubbing a hand through his hair. "You're making it difficult for me. This started off the record, but——"

"You can't keep it off. I know that."

Frant said: "Handing these things over is more or less an admission. . . ."

There was a note of desperation in my voice. "Adrian found them through information he must have got from Miguel Lorentes. I'm not denying that. But it doesn't amount to an admission of murder, does it?" When he did not answer I leaned towards him. "Does it?" I insisted.

He shrugged. "Not to you," he said. "I'm not suggesting you could do any different. They've got to go back. I only want you to understand that I can't stop what might happen afterwards. I can't contract out just because I happen to be in love with you."

I looked at him, then quickly away. His words were like a swift warm pain that brought a pricking behind my eyes.

I said: "I wish you hadn't said that."

He touched my hand. "What difference does it make, putting it into words? You knew it already."

"I don't want you to be in love with me," I said, rather miserably.

"Are you sure?" said Frant. His voice softened. He said: "No. Perhaps that's not a fair question. Forget it. Or answer it later. We've other things to think of just now. How are we going to get these to the top?"

His eye lifted, measuring distances, steadily calculating the obstacles and difficulties.

We might never have spoken of love and yet the awareness of it was all about us. Whatever happened now I would always remember the hot sun slanting across the mountainside and the pungent scent of herbs, the sound of the crickets. . . . And the challenge in Frant's eyes which I dared not meet.

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HOT on the spot

A gas or electric sink heater will cut costs if your sink is far from the storage tank: give hot water for washing up even if your main system is turned off for the summer. All these prices are approximate

1. Instant and unlimited warm, hot or boiling water comes at the turn of the three-heat control from the new Ascot 509 Boiling Water Heater. This operates on gas and the price is £21 5s. 9d.

2. The New World Speedlyn gas storage heater has a capacity of 1½ gallons. A push-button Regulo heats the water in ten minutes, then switches off to avoid wastage. Price £14 2s. 9d.

3. The Heatrae Lido electric storage heater holds and heats 1½, 2.2 or 3 gallons of water. An equal quantity of cold water can be added for normal use. Prices from £13 2s. 3d.

4. The Main "Adonis" instant gas water heater can be installed as a single point heater for sink or basin or as a small multipoint to supply them both. Prices from £13 18s.

5. The Jackson "Jill" electric storage heater. This is available in a 1½ gallon size with loading of 750 watts or 1 kW, or a 3 gallon size, 1 or 2 kW. loading. Prices from £12 13s.

6. The G.E.C. Super Speed Double Two sink or basin electric storage heater has a 2 gallon capacity and a loading of 2 kW. Though small, it will supply in one hour sufficient hot water to wash up after a meal, and fill a baby's bath and two buckets. Price £14 3s. 10d.

Montgomery

continued from page 16

and control the operations; you cannot possibly do it yourself, and so you would have to nominate someone else.

"6. I suggest that your directive should finish with this sentence: '12 and 21 Army Groups will develop operations in accordance with the above instructions. From now onwards full operational direction, control and co-ordination of these operations is vested in the C.-in-C. 21 Army Group, subject to such instructions as may be issued by the Supreme Commander from time to time.' . . .

"Yours always, and your very devoted friend,

"MONTY."

When Eisenhower got back to his headquarters and had received my letter, he found waiting for him a telegram from General Marshall saying that he had seen certain statements and articles in the British press which were critical of American command. The telegram went on to say that both the President of the United States and Marshall himself had complete confidence in him (Eisenhower) and that the appointment of a British officer to hold operational command or control over Bradley would be entirely unacceptable in America.

I have always been under the impression that Eisenhower did not know I had been told about Marshall's telegram. That telegram finished the issue of "operational control" as far as I was concerned.

My chief of staff, Freddie de Guingand, was at Supreme Headquarters when Eisenhower returned from his tour and studied my letter which I have quoted above. They discussed the question at length.

Destroy everything

De Guingand was impressed by how greatly "het up" Eisenhower was about the whole thing, and he came at once to my Tac Headquarters to tell me all about it. It was from him that I learned about Marshall's telegram. I decided at once to "pipe down."

Eisenhower had been working on an outline plan of his own. On December 31, the day I had sent him my message, he wrote me a personal letter.

"Dear Monty,

"Enclosed is my outline plan covering operations as far as they can be foreseen. The immediate thing is to give the enemy in the salient a good beating, destroying everything we can. Following upon that, the plan concentrates everything for the destruction of the enemy north of Prüm-Bonn, and gives to you and Bradley each a specific task. . . .

"In the matter of command I do not agree that one army group commander should fight his own battle and give orders to another army group commander. My plan places a complete U.S. Army under command of 21 Army Group, something that I consider militarily necessary, and most assuredly reflects my confidence in you personally. If these things were not true this decision would, in itself, be a most difficult one.

"You know how greatly I've appreciated and depended upon your frank and friendly counsel, but in your latest letter you disturb me by predictions of 'failure' unless your exact opinions in the matter of giving you command over Bradley are met in detail. I assure you that in this matter I can go no further. . . .

"As ever, your friend,

"IKE."

I studied Eisenhower's outline plan. It did all I wanted except in the realm of operational control, and because of Marshall's telegram that subject was closed. It put the weight in the north and gave the Ninth American Army to 21 Army Group. It gave me power of decision in the event of disagreement with Bradley on the boundary between 12 and 21 Army Groups.

In fact, I had been given very nearly all that I had been asking for since August. Better late than never. I obviously could not ask for more.

"Well, it says here, turn left"

Operation Veritable, an attack southwards of the Canadian Army from the Reichswald Forest, with a view to securing possession of all ground west of the Rhine, was launched on February 8. The Ninth American Army attacked northwards, with its right directed on Dusseldorf, on February 23, in conjunction with the Canadian attack.

By March 10, the troops of the Ninth American Army and 21 Army Group were lined up along the west bank of the Rhine from Neuss (opposite Düsseldorf) to Nijmegen, all bridges over the river being destroyed. Meanwhile, on March 7 First American Army had secured intact the railway bridge at Remagen and at once formed a bridgehead on the east bank.

The importance of this bridgehead to our subsequent operations was very great. Not only did it lock up a considerable number of surviving enemy divisions in that area, but more important, it loosened up the whole campaign by providing a bridgehead which could be exploited at will.

HOLIDAYS—4

A man is happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour.

Sydney Smith

By the third week in March the Allied armies had closed to the Rhine throughout its length from Switzerland to the sea.

In October I had dropped the question of *who* was to command the ground forces; but I did not simultaneously give up the question of *how* to command. The argument about a sound strategy continued.

Tedder's role as Deputy Supreme Commander was never very clear to me, and finally, being an airman, he found himself employed to co-ordinate the air operations. I never thought that this was what he was originally meant to do. But it was what he *became* because of the never-ceasing rows between the lords of the air, each with his own strategic conceptions and with great jealousies between them.

The generals were little better. So while Tedder dealt with the air barons, Eisenhower dealt with the warring tribes of generals. The result was really no strategy at all, and each land army went as far as it could until it ran out of gas or ammunition, or both.

Insofar, then, as I was concerned, the "ground force command" problem was closed by the end of 1944, as I have already explained. But to my amazement it was reopened in February, 1945, by the Prime Minister, who had discussed it, I suppose, with the British chiefs of staff.

It was considered in London that Field-Marshal Alexander would be a better Deputy Supreme Commander than Tedder, since he would be able to relieve Eisenhower of his preoccupations with the land battle, which Tedder could not do.

I was consulted privately on this proposal by the Prime Minister and by the C.I.G.S. My answer was immediate—if Alexander were brought to Supreme Headquarters there would be storms, both in the press and with the American generals.

However, the proposal was put to Eisenhower. He asked me to meet him on February 14 at some suitable place half-way between his headquarters and mine, and we met at my old Tac Headquarters at Zonhoven. The British and American delegations to the Yalta Conference early in February, 1945, had been having preliminary talks in Malta on their way to the Crimea; certain remarks made in Malta had been reported to Eisenhower, who had not gone himself to the talks, but had sent Bedell Smith.

I wrote the following in my diary after Eisenhower had left Zonhoven to return to his headquarters:

"Eisenhower turned the subject to the question of command. He said that the P.M. at Malta had told the President (or Marshall) that he (Ike) did not visit me enough, and implied that the British side of the party was being neglected.

"This hurt him a good deal and he went on to say he was always being bullied by Marshall and the U.S. chiefs of staff for being too British, or by the P.M. and the British chiefs of staff for being too American and for neglecting to visit me.

"I am sorry this was said at Malta; it got back to Ike very quickly, and was no doubt attributed to me; he is such an awfully decent chap that I hate to see him upset.

"Ike then asked me for my views on the present command set-up, and was delighted that I was happy about it. There is no doubt that he was worried about something when he arrived at Zonhoven, and appeared so during our talk.

"I have even now no idea what is at the bottom of his worry. But it was very obvious that as soon as I had said I was very well satisfied with the present situation about command, he became a different man."

Having got me to state that I was satisfied with the existing command set-up, Eisenhower wrote to the C.I.G.S. telling him of this and asking him to consider the following points before advocating the proposed change of the Deputy Supreme Commander.

Controlling Germany

(a) He (Eisenhower) ran the campaign. The Deputy Supreme Commander handled air problems, since he was an airman. He was responsible also for the administration in rear areas and for planning certain matters such as the Control Commission for Germany; this is all he would ever allow Alexander to do if he came to our theatre.

(b) On no conditions would he agree to have anyone between him and his army group commanders.

(c) If this change was made, there would be great speculations as to the reasons for it. The American generals would quite possibly think that the British were resorting to further pressure in order to get their policy adopted.

During March, and before crossing the Rhine, I checked up on our administrative situation. This was good. We had ample supplies of petrol, ammunition and food. The health of the armies was excellent and the sick rate was no more than 6.75 per thousand per week.

Our total battle casualties since D-Day were, on March 22, 1945:

British	125,045
Canadian	37,528
Polish	4,951
Dutch	125
Belgian	291
Czech	438
Total	168,378

The division of this total was:

Killed	35,825
Wounded	114,563
Missing	17,990

The total prisoners captured by 21 Army Group were about 250,000.

I issued the following message to the armies on March 23. That night we began Operation Plunder, the crossing of the Rhine in strength on a wide front between Rheinberg and Rees—with the Ninth American Army on the right and the Second Army on the left. The Canadian Army had an important rôle on the left flank, north of Rees.

"1. On February 7 I told you we were going into the ring for the final and last round; there would be no time limit; we would continue fighting until our opponent was knocked out. The last round is going very well on both sides of the ring—and overhead.

Defeat is certain

"2. In the West, the enemy has lost the Rhineland, and with it the flower of at least four armies—the Parachute Army, Fifth Panzer Army, Fifteenth Army and Seventh Army; the First Army, farther to the south, is now being added to the list.

"3. In the East, the Russian armies are within about 35 miles of Berlin.

"4. Overhead, the Allied Air Forces are pounding Germany day and night. It will be interesting to see how much longer the Germans can stand it.

"5. The enemy has in fact been driven into a corner and he cannot escape. The complete and decisive defeat of the Germans is certain; there is no possibility of doubt on this matter.

"6. 21 ARMY GROUP WILL NOW CROSS THE RHINE. The enemy possibly thinks he is safe behind this great river obstacle. We all agree that it is a great obstacle; but we will show the enemy that he is far from safe behind it.

"7. And having crossed the Rhine, we will crack about in the plains of

Northern Germany, chasing the enemy from pillar to post. The swifter and the more energetic our action, the sooner the war will be over, and that is what we all desire; to get on with the job and finish off the German war as soon as possible.

"8. Over the Rhine, then, let us go. And good hunting to you all on the other side.

"9. May 'The Lord mighty in battle' give us the victory in this our latest undertaking, as He has done in all our battles since we landed in Normandy on D-Day."

The Prime Minister stayed with me at my Tac Headquarters and watched the airborne divisions land beyond the river on the morning of March 24. When he left me on March 26 to return to London, he wrote in my autograph book:

"The Rhine and all its fortress lines lie behind the 21st Group of Armies. Once again they have been the hinge on which massive gates revolved. Once again they have proved that physical barriers are vain without the means and spirit to hold them.

"A beaten army not long ago master of Europe retreats before its pursuers. The goal is not long to be denied to those who have come so far and fought so well under proud and faithful leadership. Forward on wings of flame to final Victory.

"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

Once over the Rhine I began to discuss future operational plans with Eisenhower. We had several meetings. I had always put Berlin as a priority objective; it was a political centre and if we could beat the Russians to it things would be much easier for us in the postwar years.

In a letter to me dated September 15, 1944, Eisenhower had agreed with me about the great importance of the German capital, and had said: "Clearly, Berlin is the main prize. There is no doubt whatsoever, in my mind, that we should concentrate all our energies and resources on a rapid thrust to Berlin."

But now he did not agree. His latest view was expressed in a message he sent me on March 31, 1945, which ended with the sentence: "You will note that in none of this do I mention Berlin. That place has become, so far as I am concerned, nothing but a geographical location, and I have never been interested in these. My purpose is to destroy the enemy's forces and his powers to resist."

Winning the peace

It was useless for me to pursue the matter further. We had had so much argument already on great issues.

The important point was therefore to ensure that when that day arrived we would have a political balance in Europe which would help us, the Western nations, to win the peace. That meant getting possession of certain political centres in Europe before the Russians—Vienna, Prague and Berlin.

If the higher direction of the war had been handled properly by the political leaders of the West, and suitable instructions given to Supreme Commanders, we could have grabbed all three before the Russians. But what happened?

The possibility of seizing Vienna disappeared when it was decided to land the force code-named Dragoon in southern France; the troops for the landing were taken from Field-Marshal Alexander's force in Italy and that put a brake on his operations. It should be noted that Stalin wholeheartedly approved the Dragoon landing. Of course he did. It made certain that his forces would get to Vienna before ours!

How we lost Berlin

As regards Prague, the Third American Army was halted on the western frontier of Czechoslovakia towards the end of April—for reasons which I have never understood.

Berlin was lost to us when we failed to make a sound operational plan in August, 1944, after the victory in Normandy. The Americans could not understand that it was of little avail to win the war strategically if we lost it politically; because of this curious viewpoint we suffered accordingly from VE-Day onwards, and are still so suffering.

War is a political instrument; once it is clear that you are going to win, political considerations must influence its further course. It became obvious to me in the autumn of 1944 that the way things were being handled was going to have repercussions far beyond the end of the war; it looked to me then as if we were going to "muck it up." I reckon we did.

There is not much more to tell which has not already been narrated by others. With the Rhine behind us we drove hard for the Baltic. My object was to get there in time to be able to offer a firm front to the Russian endeavours to get up into Denmark and thus control the entrance to the Baltic.

As we moved eastwards, the Prime Minister and Eisenhower both became anxious lest I might not be able to "head off" the Russians from getting into Schleswig-Holstein, and then occupying Denmark. Both sent me messages about it. I fear I got somewhat irritated and my replies showed it!

In the end we beat the Russians to it. We reached the Baltic at Wismar and Lubeck on May 2 and thus sealed off the Danish peninsula with about six hours to spare before the Russians arrived. The prisoners taken by Second Army totalled nearly half a million.

The German war had reached its last moments. Hitler's Germany now faced utter disaster.

© *Bernard Law, Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, 1959*

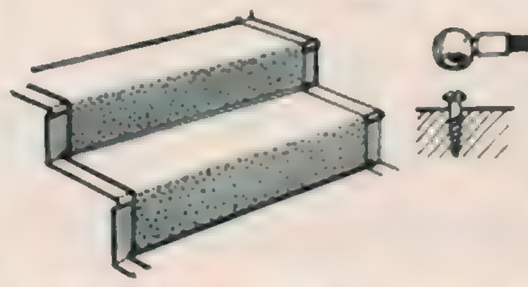
NEXT WEEK: The day that Germany surrendered. Peace at last—and trouble begins with the Russians

KEEP THIS

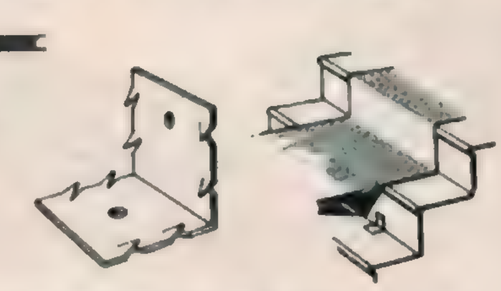
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 15

STAIR CARPET FIXINGS

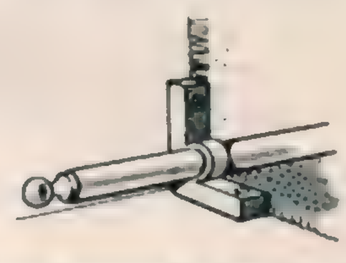


SATINFLEX expanding plastic-covered spring steel stair rods. A plated metal cap on each end fits over a screw in the tread. Sold in six colours. Unnoticeable in use

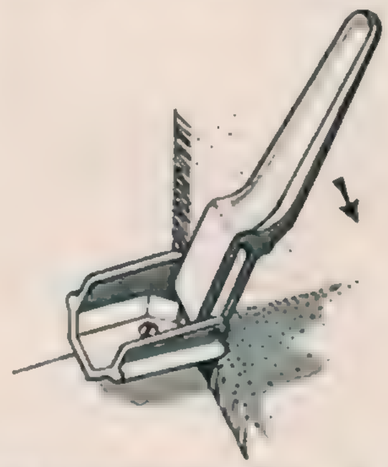


BLIX. Fixed with two screws to tread and riser, behind the carpet, which is then pressed into position. Prongs firmly grip the cord of the carpet backing. Invisible in use

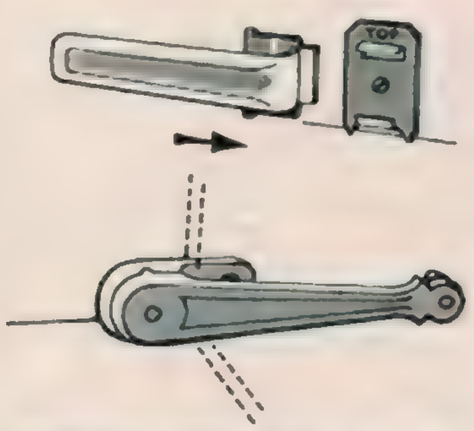
HINGED ANGLE STAIR EYE for triangular wood or metal rod. With the type illustrated the rod does not project beyond the eyes, but is cut to fit exactly between them



FIXED ANGLE STAIR EYE. Rods are longer than the distance between eyes. Push the rod through one eye, and back through the other. Also made for triangular and oval rods



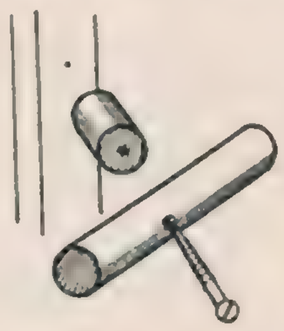
SELF-LOCKING CLIP. Screwed into the angle between the tread and the riser. The arm of the clip, pressed against the carpet and pushed outwards, stays securely locked in place

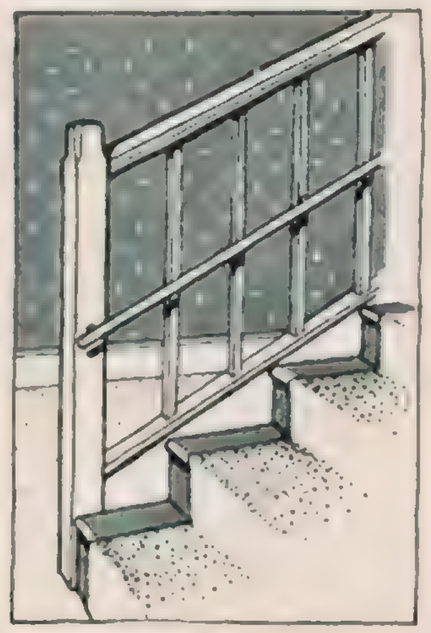


PRESSED STEEL CLIP (above). The clip slides into the retaining plate fixed to riser. SPRING LOADED CLIP (below). This clip is screwed to the riser, and lifted to release carpet

It's an idea

TODDLER'S STAIR RAIL





To give toddlers confidence in using stairs Mr. R. J. Bartlett, 30 Court Way, North Acton, London, W.3, suggests this low-level hand rail and wins a guinea prize for his bright idea. The rail is made from ¾-in. wood dowel fixed 15 in. to 18 in. above the nosing of the stair treads. Cotton reels or short dowels form distance pieces which hold the rail clear of the balusters

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

I AM buying a car on hire purchase. If I die during the period of the agreement, could the finance company claim the car, or can my executors continue with the payments?—E. B., Bedford.

● If the agreement had not been discharged at your death, liability for the instalments would fall on your executors or administrators. Provided they paid as agreed, the car could not be taken from them.

TROUBLE IN THE WIND

MY neighbour has allowed his flower beds to become a mass of weeds, and the wind scatters the seeds over my garden. What is my position if he refuses to tidy his garden?—S. B., Sandwich, Kent.

● Technically, your neighbour's neglect constitutes a nuisance in the legal sense, but any action to get it abated would be expensive and there would be a great risk of not succeeding.

If you cannot get satisfaction by approaching him, you could try the effect of a solicitor's letter. It would not seem advisable to incur any further costs.

SECOND THOUGHTS

RASHLY, I agreed to a divorce instead of a judicial separation from my husband. I had hoped there would be a chance of a reconciliation. Now I don't want the decree to be made absolute. My solicitor says I shall have to go before a judge. Is this right?—Mrs. D., Lancashire.

● If you do not apply for a decree *nisi* to be made absolute, your husband may do so on the expiry of three months from the date on which you could have applied.

His application would have to be made to court, and if you have adequate grounds (such as inadequate maintenance) you could contest it.

A CLIMB-DOWN?

FOUR years ago I employed a handyman to paint my house. He said he would come back for two ladders which he left when the job was finished. He never did—but now has sent me a note saying he'll be round to collect them very soon. What is the legal position about the ownership of these ladders now?—A. G. W., Bristol, 5.

● If you still have the ladders you will have to give them back to the owner.

However, if you've disposed of them because you thought he had abandoned them, you will have a good defence against any claim he makes.

TRICKY TILES

THERE is a tiled surround to our fireplace, and we dislike the colour of it very much, but can't afford to replace it. Is there any paint which can be used on tiles and which will stand the heat of a fire for any length of time?—S. C., London, S.E.9.

● Painting over glazed tiles is very difficult, and there are very few paints that are really heatproof. Write to Chintex, Yatton Court, Beaford, near Warminster, Wilts, who make china paints for use on glazed surfaces. These normally have to be baked in the oven, which gives them a finish like glazed china, and is long-lasting.

SUN SEEKER

THIS year I want to be sure of seeing some sunshine when I take my holiday. The trouble is that I can't stand great heat. Where would you suggest I go to find certain warmth and sun without uncomfortable heat?—A. C., Ely.

● If you go to southern Spain in the middle or towards the end of April you should find suitable weather.

INQUISITION

AFTER sending in my income tax return, I have been asked by the Inspector of Taxes to name the bank where my money is deposited. Can I refuse to answer this question? Surely it is my own affair where I bank my money.—A. P., Gloucestershire.

● There is no authority for the Inspector of Taxes to ask for particulars of your bank account, unless you have an account on which interest is paid. You would however, be very ill-advised not to co-operate with the inspector, as failure to do so would be taken into account if there were to be any irregularity in your tax returns, and the question of penalties should arise.

MOPPING-UP

HOW can I get an ice-cream stain off a suède jacket without damaging it?—P. B., Duckmanton, near Chesterfield.

● Dab the stain with carbon tetrachloride or Thawpit on a wad of cotton wool. Any marks left should come out with cold water.

PRIVATE AIRSPACE

A COMPANY which relays radio programmes has rigged a relay cable over the roof of my house. It does not touch the house, but I'd like to know what my legal position is.—R. G., Portsmouth.

● The postal and telegraph authorities have a statutory right to pass wires over private land, and aircraft have a similar right to fly over it. Apart from that, the air above your land is your own property. The relay company can be compelled to remove the cable, whether it actually touches your home or not. That is, of course, provided there is no private agreement permitting them to have the cable there.

OIL AND WATER

MY husband and I are out all day, and it would be convenient if we could dispense with coal fires altogether. We have bought oil heaters and electric fires, and we find them satisfactory in use and in cost. However, we have been told that houses like ours—a modern semi-detached—are designed for coal fires, and that heating by other means will lead to damp chimneys and damp walls.—E. B., Dover.

● You need not worry unduly about any ill effects, but you should have a ventilator fixed in each flue to allow air to circulate. There will then be no danger of condensation.

WORKING HOLIDAY

I'M a student and cannot afford to take an expensive holiday. I don't mind working, and I'd quite like to be useful in some way—and active. Any suggestions?—B. R., Oxford.

● The United Nations Association runs work camps in this country and in Germany and Austria, where volunteers are needed to build homes for refugees. You pay your own fare to the camp, though at a reduced rate, and provide your own pocket money, but food and accommodation are free at the camp. You can get details from the International Service Dept., U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

FLUE BLUES

EVERY time it rains, a damp patch appears on the chimney breast in one of the bedrooms of my bungalow. I have called in various people to cure the trouble, and as a result I have had a new chimney pot and cowl, and the chimney has also been pointed, but the damp is as bad as ever. Since it does not appear on the ceiling, the plumber says the trouble cannot be the flashing.—E. A., Manchester.

● Perhaps the flue isn't ventilated. Try inserting an airbrick. It could also be trouble in the flashing, in spite of what the plumber says. Have it carefully checked, and make sure no rain comes down the chimney from open pots.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Wall fixings.** Since my handyman guide a few weeks ago on wall fixings, I have seen another particularly simple and effective one. The "Alex" expanding aluminium screwplug, which is made by Linread, Ltd., Cox Street, Birmingham, 3. It is stamped out of one piece of aluminium and indented to grip the screw inside and the wall outside. Only a small hole is needed to put the plug into the wall. Eight lengths and two diameters cover every screw size. The aluminium is moisture and rot proof; can be used in wood and masonry.

● **To clean celluloid.** Rub it with metal polish on a clean rag.

● **Electric blanket.** Making your own electric blanket sounds a vast undertaking, but the hard work is done for you in the Flexiheat kit. So long as you follow the instructions carefully, and are sure not to shorten the heating element in any way, you can make a blanket underfelt or heated pipe lagging at home. The heater element is covered with P.V.C., which insulates it fully and also makes it waterproof and impervious to oils or petrol. Fuel consumption of No. 1 Kit is about 42 watts, giving 25 hours of heat for one unit of electricity (A.C. mains only). This kit costs 10s. 6d., from Flexiheat, 6 Russell Street, Gloucester.

● **New floor covering.** Hard-wearing vinyl plastic is becoming a popular floor covering because of its long life, toughness, cleanliness and kindness to the feet. A new hessian-backed vinyl floor covering called Texturtred is just on the market. In various Fotexur designs — invented by designer Tibor Reich—in black on a coloured background, it is made in blue, flame, sunshine yellow, claret, Cornish green, grey and white. It is easy to lay yourself, can be cut with scissors, and is 48 in. to 50 in. wide. Price 19s. 11d. a yard.

● **Electric polisher renovation.** If the brushes of an electric polisher become clogged with dirty wax polish, you can rub them clean with a turpentine-soaked rag.

● **Liquid liner.** Polylina, in the Polycell range, is a cellulose product which can be painted in water solution on walls and ceilings to serve the same purpose as a lining paper, while being much easier for the home handyman to apply. Polylina is sold in a 5s. 6d. domestic size which is enough to cover the walls of a small room.

● **Venetian blind cleaner.** The ponderous task of dusting a venetian blind slat by slat must discourage many people from using them. But an imaginative solution to this problem is the Poodle Brush, which will sweep six dust-collecting surfaces at a time. It is made of soft goat hair which is washable and cannot scratch the slats, and has rubber tips to the brushes. Price 12s. 6d.

● **Banish firedraughts.** Far too many fireplaces will only burn properly without smoking if there is a whistling draught coming underneath the door on the other side of the room. A pair of Kildraft fireside air-conditioning ventilators will supply the chimney with air from under the floor. They cost 37s. 6d. a pair from Hall Smith, Ltd., Western Works, Bideford Avenue, Perivale, Middlesex.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column send it in to Roger Smithells, John Bull Illustrated, 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea for each tip published.

HOLIDAY

and wealth for YOU?

£750 CASH—OR £650 PLUS

Ticket for FREE £125 HOLIDAY

This £125 Holiday Ticket will be honoured by any leading Travel Agent, as payment for Holiday Travel and Hotel bookings for First Prize-winner in Bullets No. 2,174.

THERE are lots of exciting 1959 holiday suggestions in this week's John Bull. And *here* comes *your* opportunity to win a Fortune *plus* £125 FREE "Holiday Ticket"—a passport to a glorious holiday of your choice at home or abroad. Enjoy a few minutes' Fun With Words and be sure to post your coupon by Monday, January 12!

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If your First Prize Bullet this week is adjudged best of Contests 2,172, 2,173, 2,174, your £300 First Prize will be increased to £750 CASH, or £650 plus £125 HOLIDAY.

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Youngster 1959	In The Name Of Science
Land Of Plenty	Thought More Of
Something New	She's No Fool, So
In Industry's Circus	To Escape From The Net
We've All Got To Live, But	In The Toyshop
Conductor Kruschev	Somebody's Darling
Man With A Mask	Skating On Thin Ice
Good For The Soul	All Up
Test Of Endurance	In Civil Defence
Spoilt Everything	At The End Of The Trail

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

One More.....Of Them All
Strengthened The.....Beefing About.....
In That .....Envelope The Customer .....And

EXAMPLE ..... 1s.

BULLET

EX ..... 1s.

B.

EX. ..... 1s.

B.

EX. 4th BULLET FREE

B. WITH 3 PAID

EXTRAS value £25 £25 in Bullets Season Tickets will be shared amongst those of the 20 chief winners whose successful efforts were one of three or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,174 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, JANUARY 12**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as indicated above. Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

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882

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LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,169 Result:

£500 A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks: **Decorating The Windows—Frost—The Mantelpiece, "Warmth."**

£25 Miss D. E. Taylor, 69 Beaconsfield Road, Leicester: **Old Man 1958—In Rocking-chair? *Rocket Seat!***

£10 plus TV Bonus as offered: Mrs. F. Anderson, Schoolhouse, St. Fergus, Peterhead: **When It Comes To Christmas—Remember The "Lonely First"!**

£9 A. L. Hoverd, 12 Rothesay Avenue, Coventry: **The Terrible Loneliness—Neighbour Described—Like *Mine*!**

£8 R. G. Knights, 26 Dempster Avenue, Goole: **On The Christmas Stage—Produce *Mum's* Glass, Slippers!**

(Each winner above receives also "Golden Cracker" as offered.)

(Above result is partly reprinted for sake of readers who missed last week's JOHN BULL. *Result of Bullets No. 2,170 is due next week.)*

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 24, for early news of No. 2,174 result.)

POST ENTRY

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J.49/3.1.59

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winter holiday in Tangiers; nor in Morocco. One agent is offering reasonably priced air-charter fifteen-day holidays there. Air-charter has also made Greece and Turkey possible for what is now known as the "small budget." For about £70 you can go to these lovely countries for a holiday that would cost you £170 if you set about doing it yourself. In fact, I think these air tours are about the biggest holiday bargain you can have.

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